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MARCH 1985

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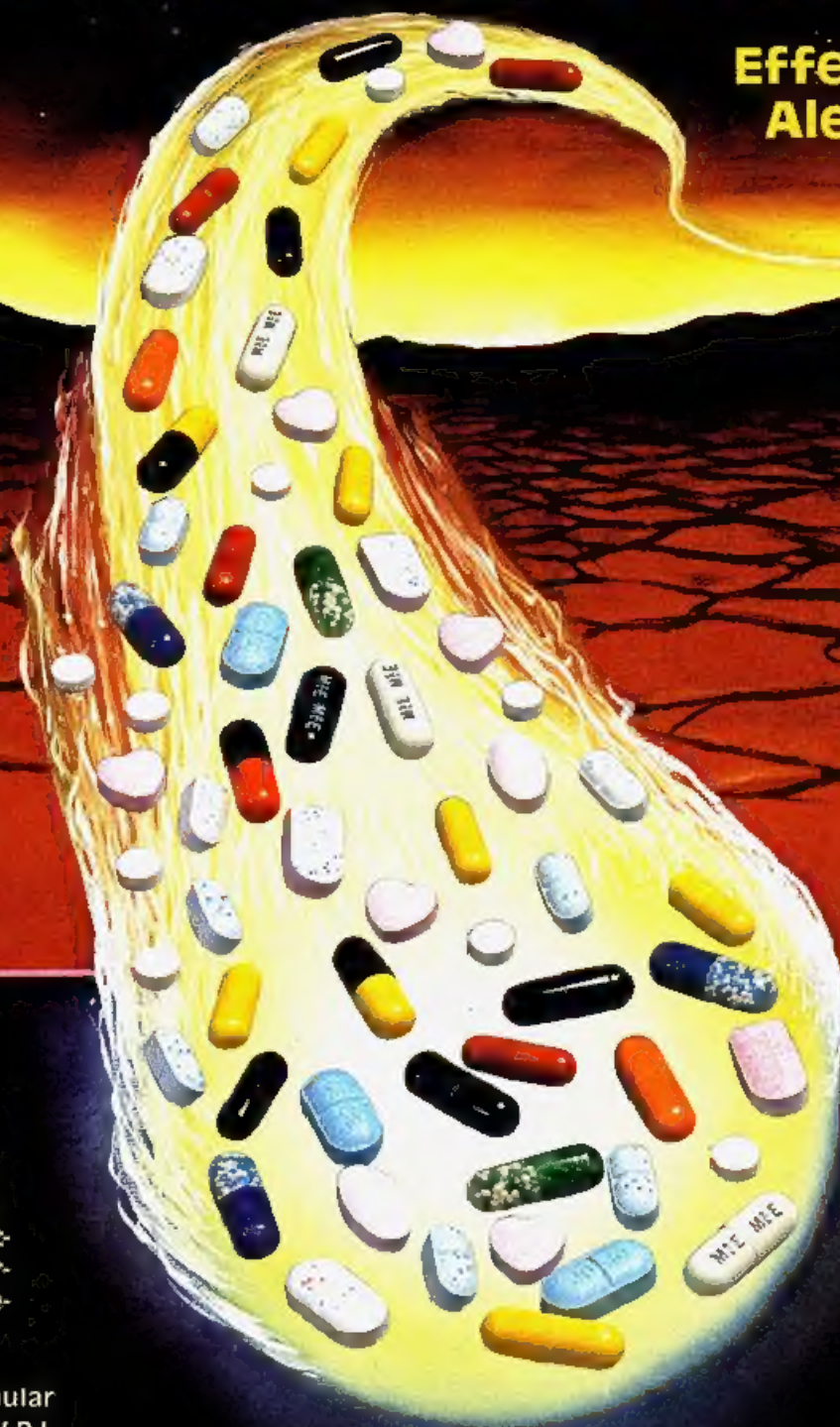
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# HIGH TIMES

No. 115

March '85

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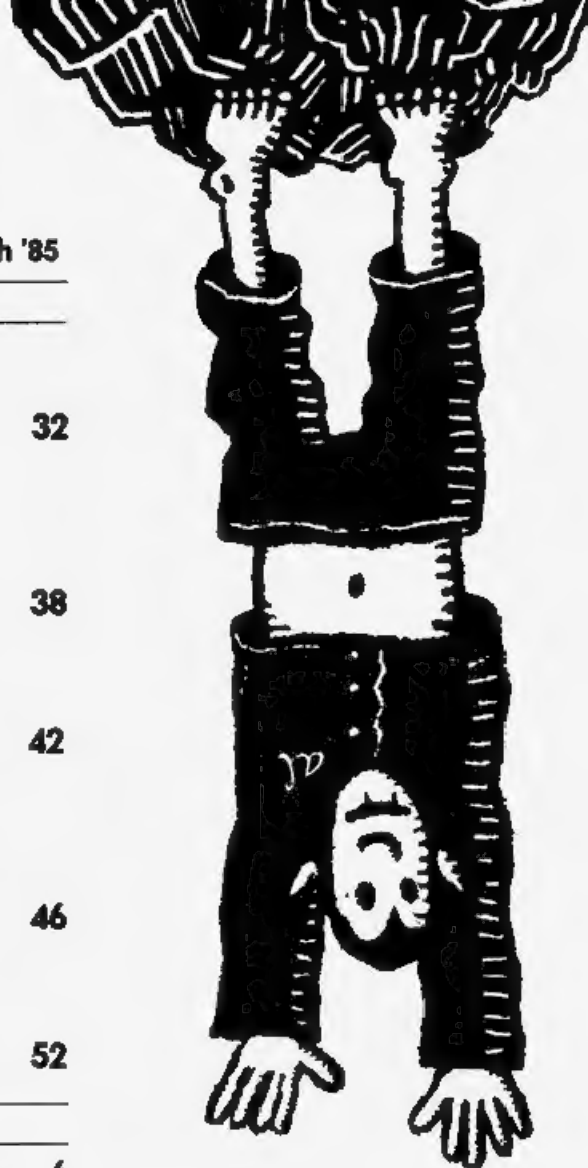
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## Drug Warrior Speaks Up

Editor:

Okay, level with me. Who is snooping on who? You guys come out with a "Military/Drug War" article the exact same month that our own USAF features theirs.

Now, if you will excuse me, I'd like to draw a few comparisons here. Right off the bat, the USAF article has color pics. Didn't see any in the HIGH TIMES feature. The Air Force article launches

into thrill-packed action where you folks insist on dull, factual information.

But the straw that broke the camel's back was one of racial orientation. Sure. If you will check on page 14 of the *Airman* magazine you will see the epitome of Reaganomics. For, while HIGH TIMES stands fast in outdated 1964ish Civil Rights laws, the "progressive current administration" believes we can still get this country "right again." Yep, sort of like back to the days of "buck" sales on the New Orleans docks.

Still confused? I'll bet you are. Here, let me clear it up for ya. See, we in the military go after only the suspicious looking boats and airplanes. Got that? And, hey! We do it all with great big smiles on our faces!

So next time you see a service person, remember we don't just use and abuse drugs, we *fight* 'em too!

And it's one-two-three, what are we fighting for? Don't ask me, I don't give a damn, next stop...

—Avid reader

Hawaii

*Thanks for the copy of Airman magazine, it was very macho and instructive. Now if one of you fine young fellows in uniform would only cop a set of the technical specs for the Defense Department's new ultra-secret FLIR ("Forward-Looking Infra-Red") planechasing gizmo, we can introduce you to some South Florida movers who would start the bidding at a cool \$35G. No Naval Intelligence spooks need apply for this lifetime opportunity.*—Ed.

## Drug Party

Editor:

Reading your November '84 issue, I came across the letter from "Ron,"

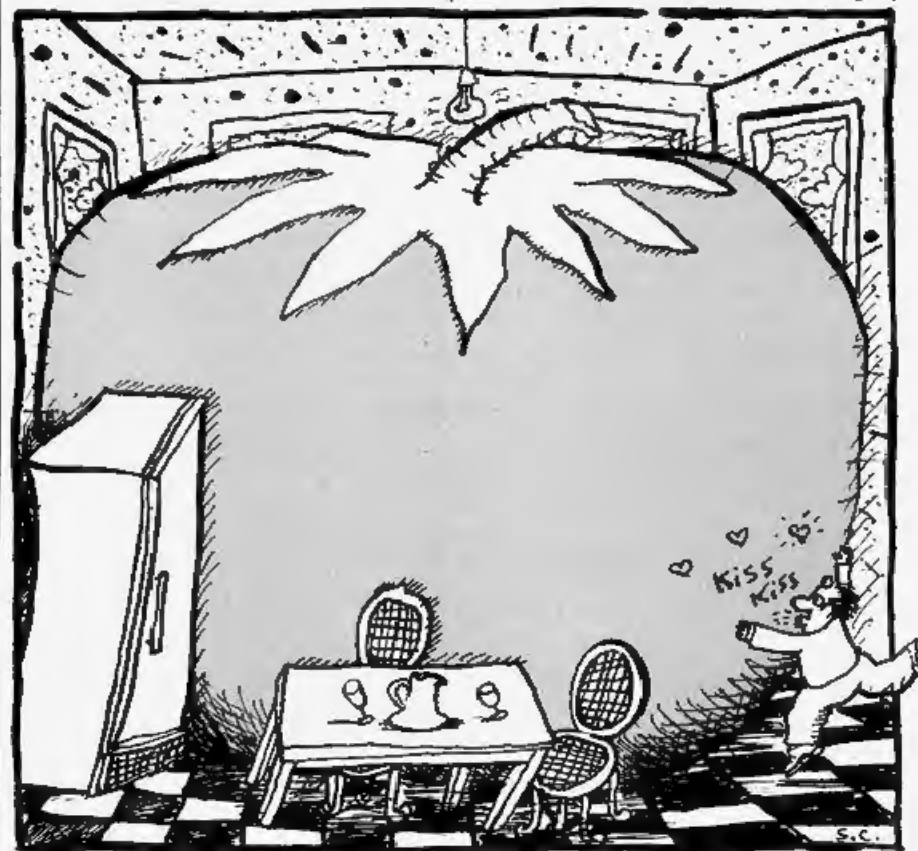
telling us millions of "smokers" and NORML to organize and get some propot legislation going. How about this: A NORML political party? Almost sounds crazy, but I'm serious! I think maybe this would give us all the organization and power we need. Maybe we could even get us a tokin' president in '88! I have not joined NORML cause I don't think it can do crap the way it is. However, if someone would start my idea off, I, and many others I know, would register to vote as NORML.

—Out on the Tiles  
Southeast Kansas

## Tomatoes Callente

Editor:

I've been holding a very worthwhile idea back from public attention for quite some time now. Your publication is in a position to bring a remarkable innovation about in the drug culture. Basically there is a need for the proliferation of the psychedelic experience. However it is nearly impossible for psychedelics to penetrate the staid reality of the citizenry of this country. That is, of course, merely my opinion. It is also my opinion that if a naturally occurring compound such as psilocybin were to become readily



## Fire It Up!

Editor:

I would like to remark on William Meyers' three-part story covering St. Anthony's Fire [HIGH TIMES, Aug.-Oct., 1984]. I liked the quality of his writing and the directness of expression. I thought it was excellent. Perhaps intentionally, he expressed a confusion between the transcendent experience and androgyny. I think this is common to the "Oneness" experience when the mind is not fully exploded and self-identity traces remain. Maybe that happens more with acid than meditation. I hope he writes more because he's good.

—Nori Nisbet  
Pt. Reyes, Cal.

available to the public the real psychedelic revolution would begin.

Now that recombinant DNA technology is on the threshold of gaining acceptance and becoming a scientific field of endeavor, there is hope for the psychedelic revolution. By using in vitro lab techniques, magic mushrooms and a photosynthetic plant can be wed to produce a new source of psilocybin in the disguise of a common garden plant. Specifically I recommend that tomatoes be so altered. Easily grown throughout the world and prolific in their production of seeds, tomatoes would be impossible for governments to eradicate.

Let's you think that this is a crack-

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# HIGH TIMES

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# Editor's Note

As the Ides of March draw near, the new, improved HIGH TIMES brings you more exciting, provocative reading to shake off the ominous chill of Reagan's idea of America.

Our cover story is HIGH TIMES' response to the National Institute on Drug Abuse's cocaine report. Perhaps the only point which might be conceded is that coke has become "the drug of choice of middle America." From that statement on, we disrespectfully disagree with every paranoid, mistaken, just plain wrong "fact" and fatuous conclusion contained in this monument to governmental blundering. While HIGH TIMES recognizes that there are serious problems with a abuse of the stuff, just as there are with almost any other pharmaceutical substance you can name, we must protest the kind of irresponsible scare tactics—a neo-reefer-madness mania—which mark a new low in the government's already lunatic drug policies. One answer to this misguided effort is our own Dean Latimer's thorough report, which exposes the errors and omissions of the "official" report, and which tackles this complicated subject by clearly outlining the pleasures and the perils of this "All-American drug" in the reliable, authoritative HIGH TIMES style.

While we're railing, yet again, about our government's stupidity-as-usual, let's expand the frame of reference to include all governmental madness which ends in war. One response to a world increasingly wracked by combat on every scale is *Art Against War*, a book which records 400 years of powerful graphic protest against humankind's most barbaric behavior. As a record of the creative spirit's will to act when confronting death and destruction, this collection is a terrific tribute to those heroic artists who have and who continue to refuse to remain passive. We are proud to present but a few pages from this potent reminder that we are not helpless.

Another singular voice which has been raised against the powers-that-be since the '50s is that of author William Burroughs. We were privileged to visit the world-famous novelist and social philosopher at his country retreat, and to talk with him about a subject often scanted in accounts of the more sensationalistic aspects of his colorful life: his relation to the literature of our time. Burroughs' comments were, as usual, pithy, thoughtful and surprising. At the age of 71, he remains a vital prophet for these troubled times.

Burroughs claims that his principal source of material is dreams, and with that idea in mind, Ernest Hartmann's startling book, *The Nightmare: The Psychology and Biology of Terrifying Dreams*, came to our attention—we couldn't help but print excerpts of his revealing research into the mysterious world of the sleeping consciousness. In a related visionary vein, noted film critic Jonathan Rosenbaum reviews how two decades of dope-smoking have irreversibly changed the movies we watch today.

To round out our good-luck-in-ominous-times issue, there are articles about protest punk music, sci-fi on the tube (especially, the trend-setting "V"), the film *Starman* (the only current sci-fi love story movie) and the books of William Burroughs, Jr., a talented writer himself until his untimely death. Plus reports on Prince's domain (Minneapolis), a trend-setting fashion boutique, more health advice and a Sound Off essay which claims football can—and should—be played by interested girls and women.

That's it: drugs, war, culture, mind-research, visions and more—another provocative, information-packed issue of pure magazine pleasure for your reading delight. Again, let us know what you think about the changes we're introducing to make HIGH TIMES an even more exciting publication.

From on high,

*John Howell*

Editor-in-Chief

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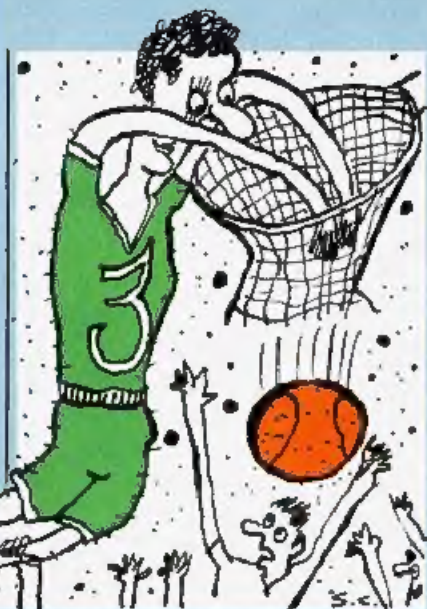
# Stoned on Sports

It's no secret that pro athletes are world-class consumers of controlled substances. The number of basketball, baseball, football and hockey players publicly exposed for doing drugs in the past few years is mind-boggling, especially in light of the formerly superstraight image of athletes. Now comes a report that estimates as many as 60 percent of all pro athletes may be on dope. And a staggering majority of fans believe that drugs are the major problem in pro sports.

The Miami *Herald* conducted a survey of fans and found that 74 percent thought sports were plagued by drugs, while a mere 2 percent thought dope was not a problem. The paper also quoted Mike Stra-



chan, a former football player for the New Orleans Saints who was convicted of selling coke, as estimating that at least 60 percent of NFL players were involved with drugs and 40 percent of those with coke.



"Athletes are a target group because they have the money, the time, half the year off," NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle told the *Herald*.

Look for an explosive article in an upcoming HIGH TIMES on the subject of drugs in sports. □

## Angry Anger

Writer/filmmaker/gossipmonger Kenneth Anger seems to be bucking to get featured in one of his own books. Anger, whose ultra-bitchy *Hollywood Babylon II* is a wonderfully sleazy sequel to his first book of Tinseltown super-scandals, created a little scandal of his own while plugging the book. The author had appeared on a local New York talk show to hype the book, and when the show was over, he demanded cab fare from a female production staffer. He got the money, but decided it wasn't enough and flew into a rage, striking the stunned woman. Anger split before the police could be summoned. Ouch!

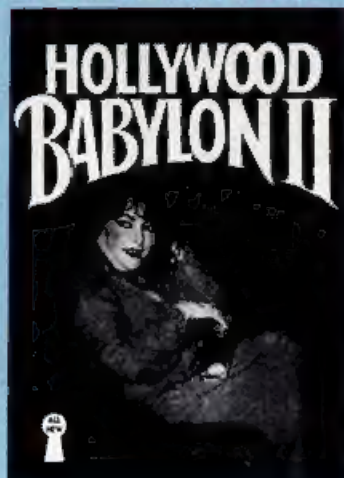


Photo by Kate Simon



## I Pledge Allegiance to the Flake

In Reagan-era Amerika, the ultimate accolade is to call something "All-American." So guess what Reagan's flunkies are calling cocaine. Yup, James D. Harmon Jr., head of Ronzo's Commission on Organized Crime, opened Washington hearings on coke by proclaiming, "Cocaine is now the All-American drug." Harmon estimated that the number of Americans indulging in what he called "the drug of major abuse" soared from 5.4 million in 1974 to 21.6 million in '84 and that the number of "chronic users" rose from 1.6 million in '77 to 4.2 million in '82. He added that 77 percent of U.S. law enforcement agencies responding to a Crime Commission survey reported toot trafficking in their jurisdictions. Harmon promised all patriotic, clear-nostred Americans that his commission would help to "damage beyond repair the world's major organized crime network responsible for the importation of cocaine into this country."

Wanna bet? □

## DOPE LORE

*I shall come to you in the night and we shall see who is stronger—a little girl who doesn't eat her dinner or a great big man with cocaine in his veins.*

—Sigmund Freud in a letter to his fiancée, Martha Bernays

Illustration by Ron Hauge

## DRAC DOC

Vampires have long been the subject of campy horror films and goofy spoofs, but people really don't take the bloodsuckers seriously. Well, maybe we should. That's the word from Dr. Stephen Kaplan, Director of the Vampire Research Center. Kaplan, a former schoolteacher with a Ph.D. in sociology, claims that vampires are on the rise, with a 30 percent increase in the worldwide population of neck-biters since 1980. He estimates the global population of vampires at 560. The American hotspots of vampire activity? Denver, Oklahoma City, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Miami, Detroit, Washington, D.C., Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Chicago. Dr. Kaplan's studies may seem suspect, but at least one government agency takes him seriously. Kaplan's Vampire Research Center is listed by the National Referral Center at the Library of Congress in Washington. For more info, contact the VRC, P.O. Box 252, Elmhurst, NY 11373. □

Edited by David Harrison



# BATISLAVIA BATTLES THE BLAHS

*Two East Siders make clothes for positive people*

by Laura Cottingham

**I**n the heart of New York City's East Village, a small storefront sits sequestered between bodegas and junk shops. Upon opening the

door, a visitor meets oblique, light-lime colored walls, framed by pink borders with lopsided corners. A spray-painted pink chandelier droops from the ceiling and the glass-top jewelry counter slants to

the floor. Everything seems a little off, as if reproduced from one of Alice in Wonderland's daydreams. "Batslavica" is painted on the door—a name taken from architect Bruno Schmidt's memory of a country he created for childhood war games. Batslavica houses the clothing of two young East Village designers, Carmel Johnson and Pilar Limosner.

Johnson arrived in Manhattan in the late '70s, intent on pursuing a career in dance. Soon she found herself part of the "downtown scene," modeling clothes and hanging out at cutting-edge clubs like the then-popular Mudd Club. "I just stopped dancing and started modeling," she recalls, "and then I realized that what I really wanted to do was design my own clothes."

Like Johnson, Limosner came to the Big Apple with a dancer's aspirations. After spending some time on the San Francisco New Wave scene, she joined the band Los Microwaves, where she played keyboard and danced a fire-dance between sets. She designed her own clothes, clothes for friends, and some stage costumes.

The two met in 1981, when Johnson needed a seamstress and Limosner was recommended through a friend. At the time, both were designing and selling their own clothes from small storefronts in the East Village. Johnson was selling her "Archetype" line from a shop on Fifth Street; Limosner was selling her "Society for Modern Myths" line on Avenue A. They decided to combine forces, turning Johnson's



● Carmel Johnson lounges in the angular opulence of Batslavica.

store into a workplace, Limosner's place on Avenue A into "Batslavica" in September '84.

"The whole shop was put together on a shoestring budget," Johnson notes. A lamp, mirror, and clock were purchased from a local thrift shop for "almost nothing." Architect Bruno Schmidt and sculptor Fred Sutherland designed Batslavica's interior in exchange for a suit apiece. Megastar graffiti artist Keith Haring loaned the designers one thousand dollars; Limosner's mother loaned them two thousand.

Though smack in the middle of the East Village scene—the Pyramid Club, Life Café, and Club 57 are all a few short blocks away—Johnson and Limosner consider themselves and their clothes a deviation from the dominant East Village aesthetic.

"The whole scene has been so homogenous the last few years," notes Johnson. "It's as if everyone makes a mutual decision about what's cool and then it becomes East Village establishment. For the past few years, the downtown fash-

ion sensibility has revolved around black Black and leather. We wanted to do something different than that. We want to wipe out that bimbo, blah, disco mentality."

Like the studied whimsicality of the store, Batslavica's clothes take their fancy seriously. Each garment has a distinct personality, with obvious fashion influence from medieval costuming, '60s Mod and Star Trek futurism. After a visit to Brazil last year, Johnson started incorporating tropic designs and South American fabric into her clothes.

"I want to make clothes that have energy," she says. "I think that clothes represent the decision you make about your life. Clothes with warmth and color and humor represent a decision to be happy. Being abysmal and negative is just passé—or it should be."

Limosner considers her "Society for Modern Myths" line a commitment to "clothes that help you assume a character." One example of this aesthetic is a pink and gold brocade skirt with navy velvet jacket.

Photo by Tsung Kwong Chi



The jacket is a mockery of a man's formal jacket—oversized, double-breasted with enormous decorative buttons, gold tassels on the shoulders, a triangular point in the front as if a tuxedo tail were reversed. The outfit combines the classical with the frivolous and the total effect resembles a sophisticated remake of the Beatles' Sergeant Pepper look.

Both designers are committed to keeping their clothes as one-of-a-kind items. "We're just not that interested in the mass market attitude right now," says Limosner. "We want to keep the individuality of the clothes and we want them to really represent our personalities."

"I just don't want a sweatshop," says Johnson. "That kind of situation and attitude would ruin my work. I want to keep the environment open so I can just do it—and do it the way I want. And I'm committed to the idea that each of my garments expresses some of my own individual energy. You can't have that with mass production."

Clothes are selling as fast as the two can produce them. In one week-end, downtown fashion institution Patricia Field purchased most of Batslavia's stock—Field grabbed up a dozen pieces, paying retail for all of them. (Field sells both Johnson's and Limosner's clothes in her own Village shop, but she may have just been buying for herself.) Though sales are good, profits haven't started rolling in yet, probably because the prices are about as low as they come for handmade, original design items. Skirts and jackets sell for \$30 to \$100.

"We want to keep our clothes as affordable as possible," says Johnson. "We want people who want them to be able to have them. Because our clothes are so original, people who buy them really want them—it's not like we're a big designer like Halston, where wearing the label is an official stamp of fashion approval. We're against that whole Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval relationship to clothes."

Despite Batslavia's counter-East Village energy, their typical customer, according to Limosner, is "someone who's adventurous about the way they dress—you know, the typical East Village dresser." Does this feel like a problem?

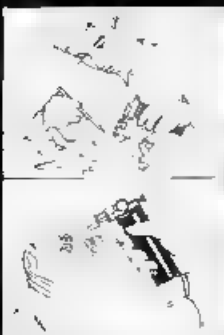
"Not really," muses Johnson. "We don't want to be trendy but I still believe in being on the pulse. So, if we start a trend, well, that's great!" □

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# ASK COOKIE MUELLER

## Bags, B-vitamins and betelnuts

**B**ack in the early 1500s a discovery was made that changed the way people look at natural preventative medicine. The first chemists, the alchemists, intro-

duced chemical cures for disease. Previously, all medical problems were handled by herbal means, the "vital force" approach.

Why did a lot of people toss away the belief in herbal medicine? I think

I know. It's backed up by historical fact. The big scourge in the early 1500s was syphilis. Everybody was busy getting it and giving it. Everybody was terrified that they would be next. Nobody knew where the hell it came from but many believed that Columbus brought it back. Well... maybe not Columbus himself, but his rowdy bunch of sailors who must have been cavorting around in America with God knows who. The rest of the world is always blaming America for everything.

Anyway, Paracelsus, the quasi-biochemist alchemist found that the powerful alchemical metal, mercury, could cure syphilis. Naturally, sentiments changed in favor of alchemy.

Not only did alchemists prescribe mercury for syphilis, but they also prescribed drinking from gold cups to prolong youth. Everyone over 30 was eating gold like mad. Gold not only was scarce, precious and incorruptible, but also became the great cure.

Believe it or not, to this day, a cure for a toxic liver in some parts of India is the eating of gold. A friend of mine did it when he was there and he said it worked. It certainly won't kill you, but I wouldn't advise it. Besides, it's too expensive.

*Dear High Advisor,*

*When I wake up in the morning I always have horrible bags under my eyes. Sometimes they just don't go away for days. I'm not a big drinker so what could possibly be the reason?*  
—Bagged Up in Fort Worth, Tex

*Dear Bags,*

You're lucky you don't have them all the time. I do. I was born with them. In snapshots of me sitting in the backyard naked on a blanket at six months of age there they were—big bags. I inherited them from my mother. "It's your face," people say when I complain.

Now in your case, this is edema. Edema is puffiness caused by excess body fluid. There are plenty of reasons for this: heart disease, kidney failure, lack of exercise, pregnancy, thiamine deficiencies, mild allergic reactions (to food usually, one often gets bags instead of a rash), phlebitis, premenstrual tension and, of course, sodium retention.

Some people reduce their intake of salt, others take saunas and sweat their bags away. Vitamin B6 seems to help a bit because it may reduce fluid retention. Juniper berry tea has also been known to work.

A friend of mine told me that whenever she has a really big night ahead and she happens to be sporting really big bags she uses a dollop of Preparation H under her eyes. The alum in it will shrink them for a while, but they'll come back if the cause isn't found.

Now Preparation H brings another thing to mind: a friend of mine tried to get rid of a lot of accumulated toxins that might be the cause of her bags. She tried an enema. It worked for her.

*Dear High Advisor,*

*I'm a kid. My mother is really giving me a lot of problems lately and my father tells me it's because of menopause, but he won't tell me what it is. What the hell is it?*

—Kid With Question  
Roanoke, Va

*Dear Kid,*

This is a good question for a kid. It's not such a mysterious thing. It's really a time when she should be treated with a lot of sympathy and sensitivity, though, so try hard. I know it's difficult for a kid.

Okay. Menopause comes at the end of a woman's reproductive life. It usually happens between the



ages of 45 and 50, and when it happens, neither estrogen nor progesterone can be produced in significant quantities. The withdrawal of these hormones that have been around for 30 years causes physiological and psychological disturbances until a new balance is restored, sometimes naturally, sometimes by taking hormones in a medicinal form. Give her a break.

*Dear High Advisor,*

*Lately I noticed a lot of nutritional news about herpes and there seems to be a cure. I thought herpes was a viral infection that never disappears but will reoccur often. I don't have it myself and I don't know anyone who does. I'm not the kind of person who would know people like this.*

—Lou-lou Weidenken  
Hannibal, Mo

*Dear Lou,*

Are you sure you don't have it? Are you sure no one around you has it? Look out—it's everywhere lurking around. It sure is a sneaky menace. I bet the person sitting right next to you on the bus has it! Better run and hide.

Seriously... calm down, girl. It's not the horror it was once thought to be. There is a cure. Herpes is caused, you're right, by a virus in the nerve endings of the skin. B vitamins are necessary for the proper functioning of the nerves and the best source of B vitamins and amino acids (which includes lysine, which is thought to be the best preventative and cure of her-



pes) is brewer's yeast. Those B vitamins and lysine are the answer here, but when the body becomes run down or under stress, the need for these things becomes greater. One must accommodate this and increase the intake. Viruses occur and re-occur most often when the body is in a stressful state.

*Dear High Advisor,  
I have heard that female heroin addicts do not have periods. Is this true? If this is true, can they conceive? What a great idea for birth control, but think of the side effects. I guess I'd rather take the pill.*

—Curious Gal  
Austin, Tex.

Dear Curious Gal,  
Some women addicts stop bleeding, others say that there's delayed periods, other say irregularities. Some have no problems. Women who consume only grains, fruits and certain vegetables and eat no animal products, fats, or oils usually have periods. Women body builders sometimes don't have periods after years of body building. Neither estrogen nor progesterone can be

produced in significant quantities when the level of excess body fat is drastically reduced through lack of animal products and exercising all fat to muscle.

Heroin addicts seldom eat well, addiction tends to reduce the desire for food. I don't believe it's the heroin itself that gives addicts problems with the menstrual cycle. It's probably the lack of adequate fats. That's my theory. Women addicts can certainly become pregnant, but the likelihood of pregnancy is reduced. But using heroin for birth control! What a ludicrous idea! What an excuse to get high! Use the sponge: it's less addictive.

*Dear High Advisor,  
Inositol is used to cut cocaine. I've heard it's a B vitamin. Am I right? It certainly doesn't look like any known vitamin under the microscope. It's all rods. Shiny rods*

—B Vitamin Lover  
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear B.V.L.,  
It is one of the B complex vitamins. Both animal and plant tissue contain inositol. It is helpful in brain cell

nutrition. It's needed for the growth and survival of bone marrow, eye membrane and intestinal cells. It also can stimulate hair growth and retard premature balding. Maybe that's why you see all these bald men with so much cut cocaine.

*Dear High Advisor,  
Remember in the movie South Pacific when what's her name was singing about Bah Hai and she was always chewing betel nuts. I've heard that betel nuts are something that herbalists have been using for generations. But what exactly are they and what are they used for most often? I really want to know this. I'd ponder over this while I would listen to my mother's South Pacific record album for years.*

—Ponderer  
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Ponderer,  
Betel nuts are areca nuts. They are used primarily by herbalists for tapeworm... so you see now that Bloody Mary (that's the name you couldn't remember) had a problem. Does that shatter your childhood memories? Sorry. ☐



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# PRINCE'S DOMAIN

*Minneapolis is the hottest town in rock 'n' soul*

by Tim Holmes

For years now, the most popular historic site invariably sought out by visitors to Minneapolis has been the mythical Mary Tyler

Moore house. Equally invariable is the wide-eyed disappointment in discovering that Mary doesn't live here anymore, never did and, most likely, never will. Matter of fact, the only time the natives ever set an eyeball on America's sweetheart was when

she'd breeze through town every couple of seasons to update the background shots for the opening and closing credits. And yet, through the miracle of perpetual reruns, apple-cheeked warm-hearted Mary remains a highly visible and eternally best-loved exemplar of the most superficial aspects of the Minneapolis ethos.

More recently, the media glare shines on the purple reign of Prince, at least a bona fide denizen of the Minneapple. But, in fact, for all his doe-eyed leering sass, show biz savvy, street-wise glitz and gritz, Prince's reign is as anomalous and inauthentic as the "Mary Tyler Moore Show." Since the box office boff of *Purple Rain* put the joint on the map, genuflecting suburbanites and out-of-towners are donning camisoles and posing, flash-cubes and Polaroids a-poppin', outside the walls of Minneapolis' First Avenue club like they'd just made the knee-scraping climb to Lourdes. Truth is, First Avenue existed long before Prince, and has an amazing track record of widely varied and wildly experimental music programming, from industrial screech like Whitehouse and SPK to the mellow jazz tones of Wynton Marsalis. Prince just happens to be the booking that went through the top, but First Avenue is not the bleedin' Cavern Club, some hole in the wall venue where a struggling Prince first cut his chops on a nightly basis. *Purple Rain* is, as if you didn't know, a fiction. Minneapolis is something else again.

If there's such a thing as regional

character, then there's probably also regional neurosis. Minneapolis suffers from a peculiar liberal vs. conservative schizophrenia coupled with a paranoid inferiority complex and delusions of grandeur. It all has to do with the mass desire to be a real cultural center rather than a middling pair of pokey cow towns landlocked in the frozen North.

Despite Prince and his court, Minneapolis-St. Paul is pretty homogeneous. Strong German/Scandinavian demographic with a heavy accent on the old Midwestern Protestant Work Ethic. Lots and lots of money, but quiet money, nonostentatious money, corporate money. It's the town where 3M invented audio, video, and plain-old Scotch tape. It's where IBM keeps their think tanks, where Honeywell grinds out thermostats and fragmentation bombs, where Control Data began their global information management. The basic street tenor is becoming increasingly monochromatic steel-and-glass corporate—renova-

tion means a shopping mall every six blocks. The sidewalks are clean enough to eat off of.

But underneath this wholesome patina lies the seething unquenchable yearnings of desire and imagination. It's not by accident that both Bob Dylan and Prince, the mass consciences of their respective decades, were born Minnesota Gemini, the sign of the Twins, the split personality. The new wave scene erupted in Minneapolis with a vengeance resulting in such twisted permutations as the Mac Punks, the current batch of mohawked feather-headed secondary schoolers. With Ronald MacDonald as their primary icon, the Mac Punks spend long hours in MacDonald's offering to eat lit cigarettes for the amusement of both the "straights" and their confreres. Or the Throbbing Gristle Appreciation Society of Minneapolis (T-GASM), a now defunct organization devoted to troweling out the gospel of technologic subversion to the nation.



Illustration by Jeff Wong



Then there's the homespun aspects. Garrison Keillor's "Prairie Home Companion" has single-handedly resurrected the quiet virtues of home-radio as fireplace, a concept lost in the 1940s yet oddly reassuring in the 1980s. Or the comforting presence of the always popular blues clubs, which continue to pump those familiar chord-changes into the street no matter *what's* playing at First Avenue.

But Minneapolis suffers from a sense of second-best. Emblematic of the inferiority complex is the Veep/Also Ran Syndrome: Hubert Humphrey, Fritz Mondale, Gene McCarthy, Harold Stassen. Try as it may, Minneapolis just can't connect to that Big Political Score. On the local level, there's the undergurglings of repressive and hysterical activity. A recent highly-publicized bill before the City Council sought to ban pornography, an always sticky First Amendment issue, on the premise that women's civil rights were in violation. Shortly after the bill was vetoed, a woman torched herself Buddhist-monk-style, in the aisles of Shinder's Read-More Bookshop on Hennepin Avenue. She left behind a note saying she couldn't live in a society that treated her like a "piece of meat."

But the kids, to be sure, keep on starting rock 'n' roll bands. Notably, at this point, Hüsker Dü is currently ripping up the indie charts with their accelerated brand of ultra-core, and the ever-lovin', blue-eyed Replacements are hell-bent on proving that the best and the worst is still the heart of rock 'n' roll. And, for any music that is neither disco, nor blues, nor human juke-box Top Forty, the Twin Cities bar is First Avenue, specifically the 7th Street Entry, a grubby little concrete adjunct to the glittering mainroom so prominent in *Purple Rain*. The 7th Street Entry is still the palace of dreams, where performers can do *anything* they want and not only get away with it, but, sometimes, even get paid.

So, even as the sidewalks get cleaner, and the mega-corporations build bigger and bigger Temples of Soulless Mammon, the screaming itch to get out from under will create new Twin Cities anomalies: hard-working, guilt-fueled visionaries whose disenchantment with the frozen North drives them toward their inner goals. □

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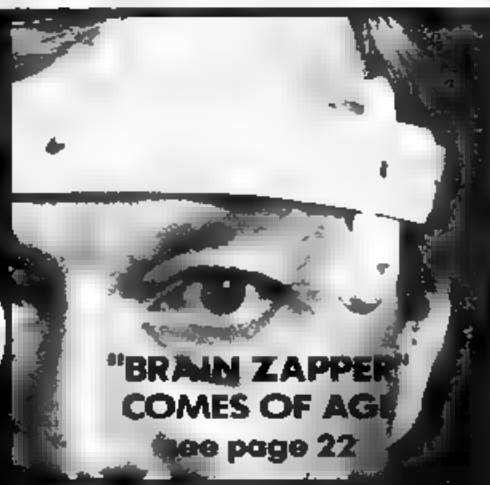
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# Highwitness NEWS

MARCH '85

NO. 115



## MYSTERY "DRUGS SYNDROME" BLAMED FOR DEATHS BY COPS



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By Mark Swain  
MIAMI, FLORIDA

**P**OLICE AUTHORITIES around the country are increasingly tending to cite mysterious, medically-unaccountable "drug reactions" as the prime culprits in deaths and injuries sustained by people who fall into police custody. Here in Miami, a hitherto-unknown complication of classical cocaine psychosis has been tentatively invoked by the Dade County Medical Examiner's office to account for a string of mysterious deaths over the last two years—deaths which may be, may not also have involved some measure of police restraint. And on the West Coast, in Los Angeles, police authorities are suggesting that an identical mystery syndrome may be involved with local police-custody deaths—except

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Although in most respects cocaine and PCP have wildly contrasting properties, both are known to promote disoriented, erratic and sometimes violent behavior in some users, under certain circumstances. When this happens, police are frequently summoned to take custody of the victims, who are then commonly subjected to some form of restraint. Whenever such a victim subsequently stops breathing and dies, authorities are increasingly apt to blame it on the drug involved; and even when postmortem examinations subsequently show relatively negligible amounts of drug particles in the victims' bloodstreams, mysterious hypothetical drug syndromes are described to account for the mishap.

### Miami: Cocaine Death Syndrome

**R**AYMOND LIEBERMAN, 28, OWNER OF the International Jeweler's Exchange at Loehmann Plaza in North Dade, "suddenly stopped breathing while in police custody" in the predawn hours of May 13, 1984, reporters were told later that week. Even though authorities revealed that Lieberman had been "ingesting stuff all evening" and was obviously under the influence of coke when the incident occurred, he was sufficiently well-known in respectable Miami circles that reporters pressed for further details. These were supplied at a special press briefing by Dade County's celebrated chief medical examiner, Dr. Charles Wetli, himself

After "ingesting stuff" until bar-closing time around 4 that morning, Wetli recounted, Lieberman had begun behaving in a bizarre fashion, according to a girlfriend. He jumped into his car, and peeled off down Collins Avenue along the shorefront, driving in a way that quickly attracted police notice. In fact, cars from three different Metro squads pursued Lieberman's BMW down Collins for 12 miles, in a hair-raising TV-style chase.

By 4:45 A.M., Lieberman was in the back seat of a patrol car, shackled by arms and ankles. It was at that moment that the officers noticed he was no longer breathing. They summoned an ambulance, and restarted his respiration with cardio-pulmonary resuscitation. Paramedics took Lieberman to Mount Sinai Medical Center, where he died 19 hours later, at 11:30 P.M., without regaining consciousness. A member of the family was subsequently told by a Mount Sinai attending physician that the cocaine in Lieberman's system had been wholly uninvolved in his death. His brain had been swelling in his skull (a symptom typical of concussion, though not of cocaine), and his heart had finally stopped as a consequence, this doctor allegedly reported.

"I can say with reasonable medical certainty," Dr. Wetli nevertheless advised the press at the subsequent briefing, "that this



Wide World

### ● Cardio-Pulmonary Resuscitation ordinarily saves lives.

is a reaction to the ingestion of street cocaine. There was nothing in the heart, the brain or anything else that would account for his sudden death. Everything looked perfectly normal." Although no specific postmortem report had been prepared, Wetli tentatively fingered the cause of death as "a cocaine-induced psychosis that caused him to stop breathing."

Cocaine psychosis, however, is a symptom of chronic drug administration over a long period of time; respiratory depression is a symptom of acute cocaine administration, of a single very large overdose quantity of the drug. The two symptoms do not go very easily together in the same person—especially since respiratory arrest caused by overdose necessarily occurs within minutes after the dose is administered, leaving insufficient time for prolonged psychotic reactions, such as 15-minute car chases. Aware of this, some journalists at the briefing pressed Wetli for further details of the Lieberman mortality.

As Dade County's chief coroner, Dr. Wetli over the last 10 years has speculated publicly and frequently that even small snorted doses of heavily-adulterated street coke can cause death by overdose, somehow, and street coke nowadays is a great deal purer than formerly, he reminded the scribes. "The average purity of street samples has gone from 10 percent purity to 33 percent purity

in the last year. It means you are getting more for your money, and if you're ingesting something of greater purity, the toxic reactions are much more likely." And now that many Miami area coke importers are converting their own *basuco* paste down to snort salt, Wetli suggested, it's conceivable they may be leaving or adding mysterious impurities that could cause this novel sudden-death syndrome.

Since some reporters seemed to remain skeptical, Wetli's office subsequently released partial details of seven previous cocaine-associated deaths that occurred around the Miami area in the year previous to Lieberman's demise. These comprised:

- On April 8, 1983, at one o'clock in the afternoon, Benjamin West, 33, was trying to gain entrance to the Depar Motel on Northwest 62nd Street in Miami, under the mistaken impression that his wife and daughters were still living there, and hiding from him there. West, who until recently had been a drug-screening technician at the Dade County jail, was distraught and very noisy. The police were called, and two Metro officers arrived to find West trying to break in through a window. West hysterically resisted attempts by the cops to drag him away, and even bit them on the arms while they finally handcuffed him in the back seat of the patrol car. Witnesses then saw him trying to kick



at the time, believing himself to be pursued by imaginary malevolent parties, it is not quite clear how his death from massive traumatic exsanguination fits into the profile of Wetli's new mystery cocaine syndrome.

- On October 16, 1983, Armando Navarro, 26, punched his arm through a window and cut it badly. He had done some cocaine. Paramedics took him to Jackson Memorial, where he died eight hours later of a heart attack.

- On November 9, 1983, Augusto Leon, 33, developed the conviction that "people were after him" (he was, in fact, a convict on work-release) while driving. He pulled off the road, and tried to run away from the other people in his car. They restrained him, and at some point he stopped breathing and died. Coroners later found a ruptured envelope of some sort in Leon's stomach. "We think he was a body packer," says Dr. Wetli, "smuggling drugs into jail." Presumably the "drugs" was cocaine.

- On March 28, 1984, Edward Loures, 34, stripped himself naked after a quarrel with neighbors (or so they said), and either jumped or fell down a flight of stairs in their apartment building. He was arrested by police, and taken to the criminal ward of Jackson Memorial. About four hours after he arrived, Loures stopped breathing. After three days on the respirator he died, the cause was cited as internal injuries sustained on the apartment staircase. Evidently he had also done some cocaine at some point.

- On April 11, 1984, Samuel Escobar, 37, drove his car into the side of a house, blaring his horn. He then ran around in the yard, screaming that people were after him, until police arrived and put him in a patrol car. About 45 minutes later, "officers noted that he was having a nosebleed and trouble breathing." After he subsequently died in a hospital, coroners found cocaine and alcohol in his bloodstream.

Dr. Wetli's office in Miami has not responded to repeated attempts by HIGH TIMES to obtain confirmation or clarification of any of these reports. It is said that Wetli has been preparing a formal treatise which will explain everything, and also provide medical substantiation of his newly described cocaine sudden-death syndrome.

## Los Angeles: PCP Death Syndrome

**A**UTHORITIES FOR THE LOS ANGELES Police Department now suggest that it was the drug PCP which was responsible for at least some, and perhaps all, of the deaths attributed to the famous "LAPD choke-hold" which was formally banned in 1983. The LAPD choke-hold is a restraint maneuver by which officers use their forearms or batons to exert massive pressure on a person's carotid arteries, which pump blood directly from the heart up through the neck to the brain. Just a few seconds of intense

pressure on both the left and right carotid arteries is sufficient to cause syncope, or fainting, due to insufficient oxygen in the brain. If the pressure is sustained just a little longer, though, or if it's wrongly executed, or if the victim's circulation doesn't somehow restart itself, death or permanent brain damage can supervene. Over the years during which LAPD cops were freely using the famous choke-hold, so many people died afterward—particularly black and Hispanic people—that at the end of 1983 the LAPD commissioner himself officially banned it from use.

Significantly, it was PCP that supposedly made the deadly choke-hold so frequently necessary. LAPD apologists contended while it was in use. PCP—phencyclidine, or "Angel Dust"—is a powerful anesthetic. People under its influence, being insensible to pain sensations and wholly disoriented, are often attributed with "superhuman strength and invulnerability," after cops have beaten them bloody (or to death). LAPD cops frequently claimed that the only way to safely and effectively restrain "rampaging Dustheads" was to choke them into unconsciousness.

Now the LAPD, and especially former commissioner Daryl Gates, are speculating that maybe the choke-hold saved more Dustheads' lives than it ever took. Over the last 10 months during which the choke-hold was being used, 16 people died while in LAPD custody, though only one of them was suspected to be on PCP. Over the first ten months during which the choke-hold was banned, 16 more people died in LAPD custody, but no fewer than six of them were on Dust at the time. If those six Dustheads had been properly throttled into unconsciousness, it is suggested, they would not have died of this new mystery PCP sudden-death syndrome.

The deaths are not stopping," acting police chief Robert Vernon points out. "It's not over. They're still dying." Therefore maybe the choke-hold should be reinstated for their own good, he suggests.

"I have thought for a long time," says LAPD Commander William Booth, "that any in-depth research by the medical community would find that people crazed on PCP... engage in such strenuous physical exertion that it overtaxes the weakest of their vital organs."

What particular vital organs these may be, or what lethal sudden death effects PCP may exert on them (unless a choke-hold is applied in time), no one in the LAPD is prepared to explain to HIGH TIMES. But even while coroner Charles Wetli in Miami is confecting some plausible way by which cocaine inflicts psychosis and respiratory failure simultaneously, it can be confidently assumed that government drug experts in Los Angeles will eventually do much the same for Angel Dust. "It is something besides upper-body control that is causing and did cause these people to die," swears LAPD Cmdr. Booth. **MT**

the car's windows out with his feet, whereupon the officers shackled his ankles as well, and drove off with him.

Fifty minutes later—at 1:55 P.M.—the patrol car pulled up before the Jackson Memorial Hospital Crisis Intervention Center, where the officers summoned a nurse to come look at West. "It was discovered that West did not appear to be breathing," authorities told the press next day. His breathing was restarted with CPR, but his body temperature shot up to 106 degrees, and by 3 o'clock he was dead.

"A huge overdose of cocaine" was the cause of death, police told reporters. "Preliminary tests indicate his death was probably due to a drug overdose," agreed Wetli's morgue assistant, Dr. Sigmund Menchel. When these tests ultimately showed that the cocaine concentrations in West's bloodstream had been six times lower than the average overdose victim's, however, Benjamin West accordingly became the first reported casualty of Dr. Wetli's new mystery cocaine-death syndrome.

- On June 1, 1983, William Eley, 23, jumped through a glass window in his home, ran into a neighbor's house and turned on the shower there, and then ran through a screen door, and bled to death before police could arrive. Although it is suggested that Eley was in a state of paranoid cocaine psychosis



SHREWSBURY, NEW JERSEY

## NEW "BRAIN ZAPPER" ENTICES COP BUYERS

ONCE HE GETS YOU TO THE police station, the policeman will ask you to walk in a straight line, turn sharply on one foot, and walk back. Then he'll have you play for a while on a gizmo similar to Atari's "Post Position" buzz game. Finally he'll sit you next to a machine about the size of a small footlocker, with a TV console in it, and place on your head a snug plastic headband, with three wires leading from it into the device. When switched on, the television screen will show a straight white horizontal line.

"Now, look at my forefinger," he'll say, holding it in front of your nose. "Try to bounce your eyeballs up and down a little, yes, like that. Now keep bouncing, and follow my finger." As your fluttering gaze follows his finger, the policeman's gaze will be concentrated on the TV screen, observing the sawtoothed fluctuations in the magic line. After 30 seconds or so, he'll begin pressing buttons on the machine, and a strip of paper will feed out of it: "SUBJECT IS IMPAIRED," it will undoubtedly claim, adding: "COCAINE," or "ALCOHOL," or "MARIJUANA," or whatever else.

"Okay, roll up your sleeve." By consenting to having your brain-waves read by the ADMIT you have given the police officer reasonable cause to order a search of your precious bodily fluids.

"It's simply another measure of bodily function," observes



● Selig Solomon and his jazzy nystagmograph.

Seig Solomon of New Brunswick, New Jersey, who has been ardently merchandizing the ADMIT to police authorities from coast to coast over the last two years. Charman of Na-

tional Patent Developers, Inc., Solomon bought the patent on the device in 1982, from a doctor in Shrewsbury who'd developed it from a conventional eye-ear-nose-throat diagnostic

gimmick called an electronystagmograph. Solomon incorporated an impressive-sounding letterhead entity called "Pharmometrics," and began sending slick advertising flyers around to police outfits all over the land. "*Pinpoint Drunk Drivers and Drug Users In 60 Seconds*," et cetera. The most popular current drug-detection device in cop circles is the EMIT unne-scan series ("Enzyme-Multiplied Immunoassay Test"), and Solomon dubbed his new machine the ADMIT ("Alcohol-Drug Motorsensory Impairment Test").

As soon as he had a demonstrator model of the ADMIT, Solomon began taking it around to seasonal police conventions, where it has—inevitably—evoked immense interest from technologically-unsophisticated cop administrators. (The heads of police crime laboratories have, reportedly, been a good deal cooler about it.) Readily conceding that the ADMIT is too unreliable to prove "impairment" of any sort, all by itself, Solomon has structured a procedure by which it may be used, in conjunction with standard sobriety tests, to provide "reasonable cause" for officers to demand blood, urine and breath tests.

Whether the machine really "works" or not, and how it works, is irrelevant in this context. Police authorities are encouraged to lease ADMITs at \$6000 per year for three years, with a \$600 annual maintenance fee thereafter. Even if it's shown not to work at all (which will only happen in court, after people begin suing for wrongful arrest), the financially-strapped police budgeters who leased for it will be motivated to continue using it.

Solomon himself agrees that the whole business is more than a little scary. "The concept is so damn revolutionary that I'm not sure anybody will ever feel 100 percent comfortable with this thing, even ten years from now," he told Oregon reporter Don Bishoff last fall. "Stop and think about it—it's Big Brother watching you." However, if Solomon were not selling it, surely someone else would be selling it. **MT**

Photo by Dan Bates/The Register-Guard

## POT KILLS YOUTH DEAD!

LOS ANGELES

VENTURA COUNTY CORONERS officially listed a baggie full of marijuana as the deadly agent that killed 22-year-old John Hicks while he was in police detention on the Kanan Road in Ventura last autumn. Hicks, stopped by three Ventura sheriff's deputies for speeding, evidently tried to hide a "Ziploc" plastic bag, with less than an ounce of grass inside it, in his mouth. When one of the

cops noticed the mysterious something in this suspect's mouth, he remarked on it to the other cops, and Hicks tried to swallow it.

At this point, eight-year veteran deputy Joseph Braga, 41, endeavored to employ a practiced "hand-to-throat" restraint technique on Hicks; this involved reaching out and grabbing Hicks by the throat, simply enough, so that the contraband object could not be swallowed. Somehow or other, though, the

baggie full of pot went down Hicks' windpipe, and he choked to death on the spot within minutes, despite attempts to resuscitate him by all three deputies and Hicks' two horror-stricken passengers.

The two passengers, although they had been in the same car with this deadly killer-drug substance, were not charged with anything. Neither was deputy Braga. Marijuana was the killer, according to the coroner's report. **MT**

# COLOMBIAN HOODS BEG FORGIVENESS

by Julio Restrepo

CALI, COLOMBIA

**T**HE EXILED LEADERS OF the three main dope-trafficking syndicates of Colombia have emotionally petitioned to the Bogotá government to be allowed to return to "the homeland we want for our children, and the homeland we deeply love." In return for permission to resettle here in their beloved homeland, the homesick *narcotraficantes* solemnly promise to abandon the dope trade forever, and confidently predict that the global narcotics industry will comprehensively collapse, forever, in consequence.

Last spring, after some still-unidentified clique of dope mobsters successfully arranged the machine-gunning of the drug-busting Minister of Justice in Bogotá, Rodrigo Lara Bonilla, President Belisario Betancur declared martial law and issued summonses for numerous prominent, much-proprietyed and politically-influential Colombian citizens. Conspicuous among these designated *narcotraficantes* were Pablo Escobar Gaviria, Carlos Lehder Rivas and Fabio Ochoa Restrepo, whose ultra-respectable family relations figure among the nation's top *haciendado* pedigreed social elite. All absconded from the country before the military police could round them up, and are currently running their multi-billion-dollar snort and smoke cartels from undisclosed locations abroad.

Several months after their defenestration from Colombia, several of these narcotraficante capos and their henchmen gathered in Panama, to express their remorseful homesickness at a secret meeting with the current Colombian attorney general, Dr. Carlos Jimenez Gomez. Although Jimenez Gomez reportedly was mainly only looking for clues to the identity of Lara Bonilla's murderers, the



● Beautiful Colombia: even narcotraficantes get homesick.

high-society mafiosi optimistically conceived the notion that a reconciliation with the Bogotá government might be in the wind. Therefore, they all collaborated on an eloquent begging letter to President Betancur, a copy of which wound up in the Cali daily *El País*.

Claiming that the authors "control approximately 70 to 80 percent of the drug traffic in Colombia," the authors propose to liquidate their holdings and thus wreck the cocaine and marijuana industry all around the world. "Dismantling the drug traffic in Colombia would mean, in the short run, an increase in the price of the final product abroad, and a deterioration in quality. It would make it more difficult to acquire drugs and, as a result of this, there would be a decrease in the number of consumers."

This "unilateral" offer to eliminate the pot and coke market is sweetened with various other choice opportunities for the government. The mobsters propose to bring "our capital assets" into Colombia—billions of American dollars, possibly, currently sequestered in American, European, and offshore Caribbean banks. Moreover, these gangsters "offer to help

the Colombian government eradicate domestic drug use and rehabilitate addicts."

The authors also discreetly apologize for "the involvement in politics by some members of our organization" before their abscondment. In fact, Lehder had been running a right-wing death squad called *Muerte a los Sequestadores* ("Death to Kid-

nappers") to eliminate the opponents and critics of a fledgling ultraconservative political party founded by the Escobar clan. The narco-politicians' increasingly violent opposition to President Betancur's policy of establishing a truce with Colombia's armed leftist groups provided another excellent reason for Betancur to chase them out of the country last spring, when critical negotiations with the leftists were being conducted.

"Our organizations are the result of a long history," the letter's authors emphasize, "one that could not be easily duplicated in a period of less than ten years." If they drop out of the dope market, they intimate, the dope trade will simply vanish for at least a decade. To date, however, the Bogotá government has not dignified the proposal with a public reply. Dope-trade observers suspect, in fact, that these particular exiles may control very little of the dope trade, in truth. Although they may be the hoods who started up the current narco-bonanza in the 1970s, it's suspected that the day-to-day working of their syndicates has for years been controlled by anonymous middle-level mafiosi to whom they delegated the task, while the buggies themselves flirted with the ideological fascists of the Southern Cone. **HT**

## "SCHOOLKID PISS TEST" RUNS DOWN FIRM'S LEG

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

**T**HE "U-CARE" SCHOOLKID URINE TEST FOR MARIJUANA WILL never go into production, concedes Tom Reuter, head of Reuter Laboratories here. A Reuter subsidiary, Checkpoint Laboratories, announced definitely on four separate occasions in 1984 that they were shortly about to merchandise a mail-order pot piss test, U-Care, to schools nationwide, in conjunction with Nancy Reagan's famous "Chemical People" antidope organization. However, after NORML in Washington asked the FDA to check out the test's trustworthiness, U-Care was discovered to be in violation of critical federal regulations, and eventually Reuter was compelled to abandon plans for it, without selling a single unit.

Ironically, the very test system which U-Care was to employ—the EMIT Cannabinoid Assay, produced by the Syntex Drug Company of California—has been used continuously for four years in all branches of the Armed Services. "Now that we've kept the EMIT out of the schools," says NORML's Kevin Zeese, "maybe we can finally convince the Pentagon that it doesn't work any better on grown-up service personnel." **HT**



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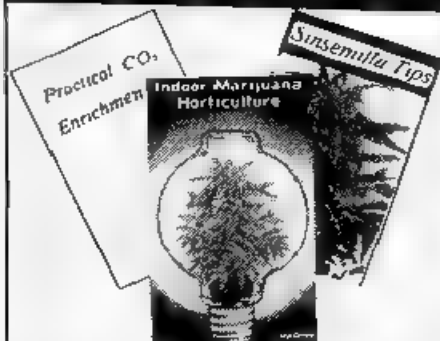
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## Highwitness NEWS



Wide World

● U/C cop: "No matter what, inside, you always feel conspicuous."

## "CLOAK-AND-DAGGER" DICKS WIND UP CLIMBING THE WALL

WASHINGTON, D.C.

**A** POLICEMAN'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE, but an undercover policeman can wind up psychotically depressed and deranged, psychologists warn. After completing a five-year study of 270 randomly-selected undercover police agents in the United States and Canada, psychologists at the University of Ottawa discovered (among many other fascinating things) exactly why a lot of undercover cops wind up lying under oath in court for no good rational reason, and why a lot of undercover narcs typically wind up protecting certain of their targeted investigation suspects, and helping them with dope deals.

The mental pressures on undercover cops are extraordinarily intense, the doctors found. Cops in general have a notably good psychological profile, the ratio of peace officers "at risk" of developing psychological problems is only eight percent, compared to an "at risk" proportion of 11 percent of people in the general population. This is because the recruiting and training procedures at police academies actively weed out unstable recruits, meaning that most recruits who succeed in getting badges are predisposed

toward mental stability.

When these exceptionally stable individuals are subjected to the conflicts and stresses of undercover work, however, the rate of "at risk" individuals among them suddenly shoots to 26.8 percent, the doctors found; and even six months after the operation is concluded, 17 percent of them remain "at risk," pointing to a tendency for undercover cops to go decidedly barmy over a comparatively short time in their careers.

Young police officers naturally have the worst problems coping with undercover work, especially those who are assigned to undercover details against their expectations. But the Ottawa psychologists found that, over the long term, the very qualities that inspire cops to volunteer for cloak-and-dagger activity—good social skills, lively imaginations, solid self-confidence—can subtly work to promote massive long-term identity conflicts. These people can get so caught up in the complications of acting a part that they eventually wind up, to their surprise, having serious conflicts about their "real-life" role as police officers.

The psychiatrists describe the "medalist" syndrome, which they found to be quite com-

mon. When a cop is working in an undercover role for a long time, and his activity is critical to the gathering of evidence in the case, he typically gains "an exaggerated sense of self-importance." He may begin changing his whole private life around, to reflect his self-image as the most important individual in his operation. He will typically get impatient with other officers who suggest a change in investigative strategies—to wiretapping or using informants, perhaps—which might reduce his important evidence-gathering role.

Of course, after the busts come down and the operation's over, this cop generally has real problems at rediscovering himself to be just a low-echelon detective in the ranks. On the stand, consequently, he's likely to exaggerate his own importance as the "star witness" in the case, and may even lie to misrepresent his undercover activities as more crucial to the case than they really were; and he may actively denigrate other cops and prosecutors, which can seriously inconvenience the prosecution and directly aid the defense. Moreover, the officer on the stand is very likely to carry on at length about the pressures and suffering he underwent in the course of the investigation, in order to solicit from the courtroom audience a sympathy and appreciation that usually is denied him by his superiors within the police hierarchy. While sharp defense lawyers have known about these syndromes for quite some time and how to manipulate them to their advantage, this Ottawa study is the first detailed and independent verification of it.

Cops who work for long periods of time among discriminated-against minority groups appear to have the worst problems maintaining a "real-life" police perspective. The Ottawa authors speak of one such cop who, during the trial of a subculture group he'd penetrated over a long period, repeatedly flip-flopped in testimony between being a cop and being a persecuted member of his racial minority. Another cop who had spent months working undercover as a biker went out one day, long after the case had been closed, and shaved his head and had a ring planted in his ear, and was arrested while trying to smuggle guns onto a commercial plane.

Criminal investigations are virtually never as completely and satisfactorily concluded as television cop-show scripts suggest, and experienced cops have to learn to adjust to the reality that a lot of innocent people tend to get rounded up by mistake with real lawbreakers, and that a lot of real lawbreakers simply never get successfully prosecuted, due to mistakes and the simple human limitations of cops. This adjustment is, naturally, not without its casualties. Ottawa researcher Dr. Michael Grodsky speaks of one cop who, six months after closing out a major long-term undercover investigation, was so depressed that he could only sit on his kitchen floor all day long talking to his pet dog. **HT**

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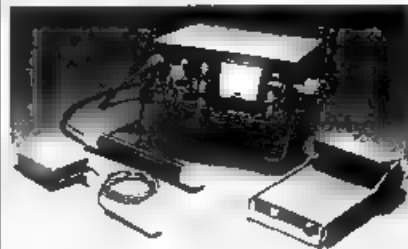
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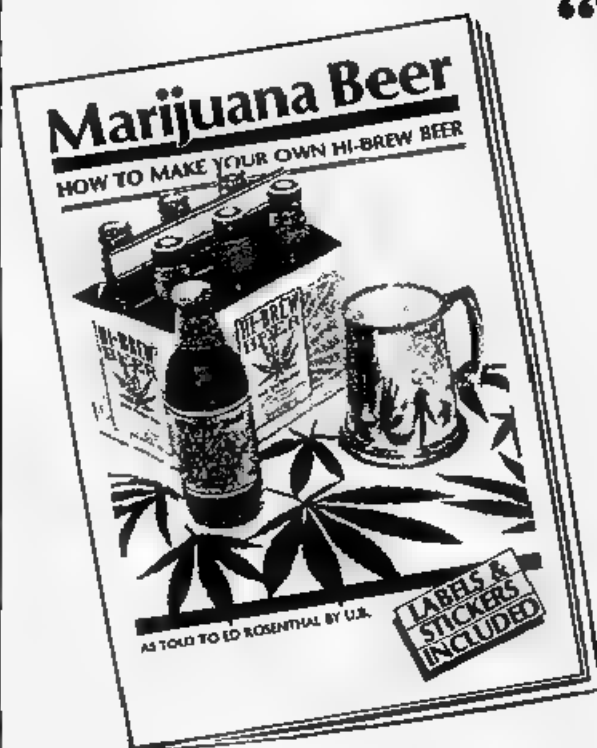
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# TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET

## THE PEACEFUL MARIJUANA GROWER

by Gene Wheelwright

With the headline "New Wilderness Peril: Growers of Marijuana," (and on a followup op-ed page, "The Myth of the Peaceful Marijuana Grower"), the *New York Times* has lately given a big boost to the government's longtime effort to associate the marijuana-growing subculture with the world of dog-eat-dog lawlessness and organized crime. Apparently having spent his time interviewing drug-enforcement agents and government-official types, the *Times* reporter conjured up the depressing picture of a once idyllic agricultural and recreational region given over to booby traps and shoot-outs, and a local populace outraged that their woods had been made unsafe to walk in.

"This is complete bullshit," said a young grower friend of ours just passing through New York with a cargo from northern California. Staring in disbelief at the *Times* article, he said, "I know a lot of growers, and I can tell you there are very few who would even want to own a gun, much less use one. The vast majority are peaceful, and figure if they end up losing their plants, well, it's the risk they took—but it's not worth killing for."

And the outraged citizens? "The citizens I know are outraged all right—but mainly by the organized raids and rip-offs that happen to

them all the time, either by the CAMP forces [California's paramilitary Campaign Against Marijuana Planting] or the punks who see it all going down on TV—all these thousand-dollar plants being cut down and carried off—and figure that must be a cool thing to do."

It put us in mind of the conversation we'd had back in California with our Sonoma County friend, the Old Dope Grower. The Old Grower was a veteran of the psychedelic revolution, wherein marijuana had been honored as a psychospiritual tool and a sacrament of the people. It was a cash crop for him now, and he would do what he could to foil the forces of oppression—but the idea of defending his plants at gunpoint was unthinkable. It was grass, after all, that had fueled the peace movement which he and his friends and the entire antiwar, antinuclear subculture still implicitly supported. And it was this nonviolent subculture which, contrary to all media reports, still dominated the marijuana-cultivation scene.

He said: "I personally don't know of any of the booby traps and weirdnesses that the police say that they run into all the time. But I do know that the police have been heavy-handed about the whole thing, and they tend to elicit that kind of response in people

After all, marijuana does support whole local economies. So it tends to be that the locals—whether they're growers or not—don't mind the pot-growing nearly so much as the Attorney General and the people paid by the state to look like they mind."

"The pot-growing trip is too big a financial help to the alternative society that still exists for anyone to be able to stop it. It gives a lot of people who couldn't do it otherwise a chance to do a real business and become financially solvent and get beyond the limitations of a depressed capitalist economy."

We asked the Old Dope Grower how the future looked to him.

"I think there will probably be more heat—depending on how long people are willing to fund endless eradication projects. It does cost a lot of public money to do that—which is diverted from other things, like fixing the schools and roads... real problems."

"But everybody knows what's going on, and everybody's working it out appropriately. And a whole lot of people feel that domestic cultivation of marijuana is a good, clean business, and that it can fuel your trip and get you into other things that you couldn't get into realistically any other way."

"And that's the facts, Jack."

### UNITED STATES

Area Bulletin			
Boston	Colombo red sine	oz	\$100
Boulder, Colo.	crystalline, home-grown redheads	oz	180-200
Butte County, Calif.	beauty buds, top of the tops	lb	200
Louisville, Ky.	lockase sine, raggedy maryjane	lb	2100
Marin County, Calif.	crème de cubensis, deluxe shrooms	lb	800-1200
Miami	basic coke, from Caracas, via P.R.	gm	65
New York City	African grayish-brown blah	oz	40-80
	Colombian, leafy market grade	lb	1100-1800
	Connecticut sine, unassuming	oz	100
	Mexican sine, with buds even	lb	1000
	Kashmiri temple-balls, super-goo	lb	200 lbs
	Afghan primo, ebony adhesive	lb	75,000
Outland, Calif.	indoor sativa indica, 4-toke dope	oz	175
San Francisco	gold Thai sine, new exotic	lb	1350-1500
	high-test Colombo, low seed-count	oz	50
	red carb hashish, persuasive	lb	700
	purple windowpane like good old days	oz	100
Sonoma County, Calif.	manufactured buds, Afghan stock	lb	1500
		oz	1
		oz	160-200
		lb	1700-2000

National Market			
U.S. warehouse	grade A fancy, loganized	oz	\$135-235
How much more	rare but real	lb	1600-2250
Commercial	sensilla nuggets, without hallmarks	oz	22 # 1000
Top of the Men	gnarly, bluish-green, high-alt mystery	oz	700-800
Thai weed	dark green bricks, peruvian style	oz	12 # 100
	bangs bows, lime-scented, covered	oz	1500-1800
Black weed	strong brown, budget Thai	oz	12 # 100
Jamaican	salt of the earth, pressed blocks	oz	100-125
Jamaican	down to earth, seeds & stems	oz	75 # 100
Commercial	basic dirtweed on the streets	oz	4 # 100
Merch	blatant	oz	1500-1800
Afghan hash	avalanche of rocks and flakes, 94% MDA refinement, new love drug	oz	12 # 100
Colombian cake		oz	4 # 100
ADM ("XTC")		oz	70 # 100

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LSD	black tabs from Europe	one	\$8
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Domestic grass			
Paraguay hash	green, but not all they got	gm	20
Coke, class A	fuck Strasser, get it right	gm	4 # 10
Coke, class B	processed in Bolivia	gm	2 # 10
ENGLAND			
Afghan black hash	solace in the north country	oz	87.50
HONG KONG			
Kashmir hash	blond market, flooded	gm	2 # 10
Nepalese hash	stoney, laced with gum	gm	4 # 10
Afghan hash	stoney, some stamped	gm	2 # 10
Paki hash	black is best, from Chang Mai	gm	4 # 10
Thai buds	new arrival, rare from	oz	2 # 10
Philippine gold	new arrival, rare from	oz	2 # 10

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# HOW TO HYPE HORMONES

*Stimulating those suckers can make plants more potent!*

by Bob Ireland

**H**ORMONES ARE ORGANIC MOLECULES produced by plants and transported to its site of action where, in very small amounts, they control, stimulate, inhibit or alter one another and plants' life processes. The term plant growth regulator can be used to describe a hormone but the term also encompasses the hundreds of synthetic organic compounds in use today which can exert profound regulatory effects on growth.

All cells in a given plant have the very same genetic information. But cells differentiate into various organs such as leaves, stems or roots because almost all the DNA (the protein and sugar strands which form chromosomes and genes and hold all hereditary information) in any given cell is turned off or repressed from being decoded and acted upon. Hormones regulate this activity; they control the ability of cells to express their genes. Generally accepted theory holds that a given hormone is able to combine with and remove the repression which blocks a group of genes from being utilized. Conversely, a hormone might combine with another molecule to shut down a gene's activities.

There are five classes of plant hormones: auxins, cytokinins, gibberellins, abscisic acid and ethylene. These plant hormones are produced within the cell. Hundreds of synthetic plant regulators which mimic the natural hormones are on the market now. Hormones rarely act alone, but interact to control development and growth. Let's look at each group briefly.

**Auxins.** Auxins are involved in a wide spectrum of plant responses. They stimulate cell division and the production of roots in cuttings.

Auxins are the most common growth regulators available commercially. They include indoleacetic acid (IAA), the only true plant auxins sold commercially, naphthyl-

acetic acid (NAA), indolebutyric acid (IBA) and 2,4, dichlorophenoxyacetic acid (2,4,D), which is also a component of the herbicides Agent Orange and Weed-B-Gone when used in larger doses.

Dip'n Grow (IBA and NAA), Hormodin (IBA), Hormo-Root (IBA), Rootone (NAA and IBA) and Transplantone (NAA) are some of the brands available. All of these chemicals have closely related chemical cousins which may appear on the labels you see.

**Cytokinins.** Cytokinins are sometimes called the cell division factor. They stimulate cell division by interacting with and bringing about the synthesis of new DNA and

types have been isolated.

Gibberellin's most striking action is stem elongation, but they have also been used for seed germination, bud sprouting and to initiate flowering. The most commonly used products are Wonder-Brel (GA3), Pro-Gibb (GA3), and Florel (GA3). When used on female marijuana, GA causes hermaphroditism. Usually gardeners are not interested in this quality. However, pollen from male flowers chemically induced on female plants has only female chromosomes. All seeds resulting from fertilization by this pollen is genetically female. For best results, the plants are sprayed as the light cycle is re-



● Figure 1. a) Normal plant on left; b) plant receiving GA stretches between internodes; c) plants receiving growth regulators are compact with thick stems.

RNA. (RNA is a working copy of the DNA which the cell uses to convey and translate the genetic messages carried on the DNA.) Cytokinin is the only hormone known to control the movement of RNA and stimulate mitosis (cell division) in the meristematic tissues (growing tip). They also regulate nutrient flow within the plant.

Sensa-Soak containing 6-BAP is used as a germinating fluid for the promotion of female flowers in cucumbers, melons and cannabis. There are no other cytokinin products currently marketed for commercial or hobby use.

**Gibberellins.** Gibberellins are produced by almost all green plants. They are powerful growth promoters. Over fifty different

duced. A second application a week later may help.

Pro-Gibb 47 is a mixture of GA4 and GA7. It is used to improve fruit set in apples and pears under unfavorable conditions. It may promote the maturation of flowers in cannabis, but no research has been done on the subject.

**Abscissic Acid.** ABA is a naturally occurring phytohormone whose function is opposite to those above since it is a growth inhibitor. Levels of ABA increase as the days become shorter since this hormone is responsible for the abscission (dropping) of leaves in the fall and of fruits as they ripen. There are no commercial ABA products because its mode of action seems to be rela-

tively nonspecific and more specific growth inhibitors are available.

**Ethylene.** Ethylene is the only gaseous hormone. Its primary role centers about inducing flowering in some plant families and maturation and ripening of fruit in almost all. Ethylene also promotes the feminization of male plants and hermaphrodites.

Ethylene is sold under the brand names Ethrel, Florel, Ethepon and CEPA. All are 2-chloroethylphosphonic acid which decomposes after application to yield ethylene and harmless salts.

## MARIJUANA GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT

From germination through the juvenile phase, auxins, cytokinins and gibberellins all play roles through their individual guidance of different enzyme systems and their common abilities to promote cell division. The auxins and GA play bigger roles in root formation but the cytokinins are more involved in ion transport. When the time comes for reproduction and the initiation of flowering, all five classes are present.

The hypothetical flowering hormone florigen has been postulated for years but never isolated. The transformation from vegetative to the flowering state may actually be the result of interactions and ratio changes among several hormones rather than the action of one specific one.

Auxins and cytokinins do not generally directly assume a major role in flowering. Auxins are implicated by their virtue of promoting ethylene production. But auxin and directly applied ethylene, like the other hormones, affect different species unpredictably. Without a guideline, one stands an equal chance of totally inhibiting the flowering response vs. enhancing it. GA and ABA seem to be nonspecific in the flowering response and may work for entirely different reasons. GA may induce flowering by fooling the plant with rapid growth indicative of differentiation. ABA and many of the new synthetic growth inhibitors are not directly involved in flowering but rather in improving the flowering environment by retarding vegetative growth.

In the aging process, ABA gradually inhibits the GA induced growth and the levels of all the other hormones diminish relative to ABA.

## NUTRITION

Plant hormones enable the plant to use nutrients collected by the roots. Cytokinins assume the lead role in nutrient mobilization and ion uptake.

Nitrogen (N) has a significant effect on the levels of root-induced cytokinins. N deficiency is really the manifestation of low levels of cytokinins. When this happens, hormonal ratios change to produce increased amounts of ABA, which appears as aging. N application promotes increases in cytokinins, which

enhance transport of all nutrients, resulting in a healthier plant.

It is common wisdom that high levels of phosphorus (P) are needed for flower development. Even if the plant is deficient in P, the flowering response can be replaced with administered cytokinins. P is needed to promote high levels of cytokinins in the rapidly differentiating flower sites.

Potassium (K) is required for bud outgrowth even if the levels of N and P are adequate. But the ability of applied cytokinins

to replace this function has been demonstrated even in K deficient plants.

Although cytokinins can replace the N, P and K requirements, the nutrients are needed as building blocks in the construction of new organic molecules required for growth and development. K plays a major role in membrane transport and osmotic regulation. The key word is deficient, as opposed to deprived. High levels of cytokinins are promoted by an adequate supply of nutrients, but in the event that any one is low, the cytokinins are the hormones responsible for mobilizing what is available and preventing the ship from sinking.

## PLANT GROWTH REGULATORS YOU CAN USE

Many synthetic plant growth regulators are on the market.

Chloromequat (CCC, Cycocel) is used to control stem growth in food crops such as wheat and tomatoes. By stunting vertical growth, a higher yield per unit area is achieved. The chemical does not inhibit lateral growth.

A-Rest (ancymidol) is another synthetic growth inhibitor. It shortens internode spacing, thereby yielding a more compact plant, but it is not recommended for marijuana because it has not been proven safe for consumables.

SADH (Alar, B-9, Kylar, Sensa-Bud) is also used for controlling height as well as improving plant vigor. Treated plants bud early and form bigger buds and flowers. Furthermore, it increases plant feminization.

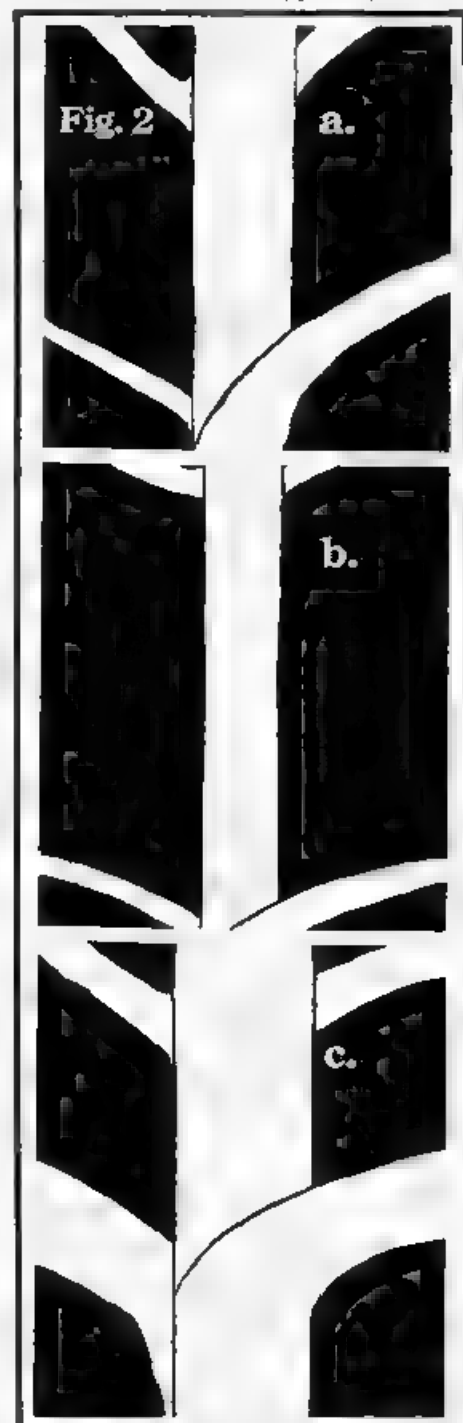
Vitamin B-1 is classed as a root-growth hormone since it is produced in the leaves and transported to the roots. Vitamins actually serve as coenzymes in specific processes and do not oversee gene-cell interactions.

Aspirin has been reported to induce male flowers on female plants. Growers report using one or two tablets per gallon of water once or twice either before or during flowering. The pollen from these females, like the GA-induced male flowers, contains only female chromosomes and produces all female seed.

Willow water. Organic gardening reported that water treated by soaking willow shoots for 72 hours, as if to root them, increased rooting speed and success rates of other plant cuttings when they were rooted in it.

Birth control pills. Any number of gardeners have reported that an occasional birth control pill increases plant vigor, growth or yield. There have been no studies regarding health aspects of consuming crops grown using this treatment. □

Bob Ireland has a Masters degree in Molecular Genetics and currently works as an Environmental Research Biochemist. He is also the owner of Plantastic Plant Products.



• Figure 2. Closeup of internodes of plants a, b and c (see Fig. 1).



# MORNING GLORY/ HAWAIIAN WOODROSE

**AKA: Rivea corymbosa, Flying  
Saucers, tliltliltzin, bahoh negro,  
Heavenly Blue, Ipomoea tuberosa,  
Pearly Gates, lololuqui, elephant  
creeper, Argyreia nervosa, etc.**

## ABUSE FOLIO MED ALERT

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by  
David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury  
Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use  
of any psychoactive substances.

### CHARGES

Ingestion of seeds can produce nausea and vomiting, stomach cramps and general physical discomfort. Seeds can be poisonous at high dosages. Can cause weakness and lassitude. Other dangers include those attributed to psychedelics as a group, such as disorientation, bad trips, possibility of psychotic episodes in those prone to them, and possible flashback experiences. Seeds are thought to have been coated with poison by distributors to discourage use as a drug.

### NATURE AND USE

Certain members of the common morning glory family, including "Heavenly Blue" and "Pearly Gates," and their close relatives, the Hawaiian baby woodroses, *Argyreia nervosa* and *Ipomoea tuberosa*, were discovered in the 1960s to have psychedelic properties similar to those of LSD-25. The psychoactive principles of these plants comprise several forms of lysergic acid amide, chiefly ergine (d-lysergic acid amide) and iso-ergine, 5 to 10 percent as strong as LSD. These are called "ergot-alkaloids," because they're identical to the psychotropic LSD type alkaloids found in ergot fungus. It is estimated that 100 morning glory seeds, or four to eight Hawaiian baby woodrose seeds, are equivalent to 100 micrograms of LSD.

Although ergot alkaloid-producing morning glories grow in many parts of the world, their ritual use as drugs was apparently confined to Mexico and

Central America. The most notable ritual uses were the Aztec divine plant lololuqui (*Rivea corymbosa*) and the Mexican Indian drug tliltliltzin, or badoh negro, derived from *Ipomoea violacea*. These species of morning glory are cultivated in several ornamental varieties that include Heavenly Blue, Pearly Gates and Flying Saucer.<sup>1</sup>

Modern use of these plants for their psychedelic—"entheogenic"—properties began in the late 1950s and mid 1960s. In 1959 Albert Hofmann, the chemist who first synthesized LSD-25 from ergot fungus in 1942, isolated the lysergic acid amides in lololuqui seeds. The psychoactive potential of Hawaiian baby woodrose was introduced to the public in 1965 in a scientific paper crediting these seeds with several times the potency of morning glory seeds.<sup>2</sup>

Only the seeds of these plants are ingested. They are eaten whole, or ground and eaten, or leached with water and drunk. Despite wide interest in the seeds, use has never been widespread, and has declined in recent years.<sup>3</sup> Woodrose seed use reached its zenith in the late 1960s and early 1970s, it was never extensive, but rather served as a substitute, albeit a poor one, for LSD when it was scarce and more desirable entheogens were unavailable.<sup>4</sup>

### HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES

The two primary liabilities of these hallucinogens are lack of potency coupled with a rapid onset of tolerance, and the abdominal cramping that seems to inevitably accompany a psychedelic dose. The cramping, nausea and frequent diarrhea

that accompany use of these seeds gave rise to a street belief that they either contained strychnine naturally, or were coated with poison by seed companies to discourage ingestion. The general feeling among users is that the trip is not worth the side effects.

Given the low potency of the seeds, physical distress is much more probable than psychological disruption. There is a possibility of panic reactions and other psychedelic bad-trip symptoms, however, and especially in users who are unfamiliar with psychedelic effects. High doses can be dangerous and should be strictly avoided.

### FIRST AID PLUS

Nausea and abdominal distress apparently go with the territory. See a doctor if these symptoms persist.

For adverse reactions, a talk-down similar to that used for LSD bad trips is effective. Be supportive and comforting. Remind the user that the drug's effects usually last less than six hours. Overdose victims should be taken to an emergency room or poison center.

### REFERENCES

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- <sup>3</sup>Shawcross, William E., "Recreational use of ergoline alkaloids from *Argyreia nervosa*," *Journal of Psychoactive Drugs*, vol. 15(4), October-December 1983.

### ABUSE FOLIO MED ALERT

Phencyclidine, also known as PCP, krystal, angel dust, hog and a number of other street names, is making a major comeback in the northeastern United States. Although low-dose use of this drug has continued nationwide, high-dose abuse had begun to dip as people became aware of its adverse effects and social dangers. Recent reports

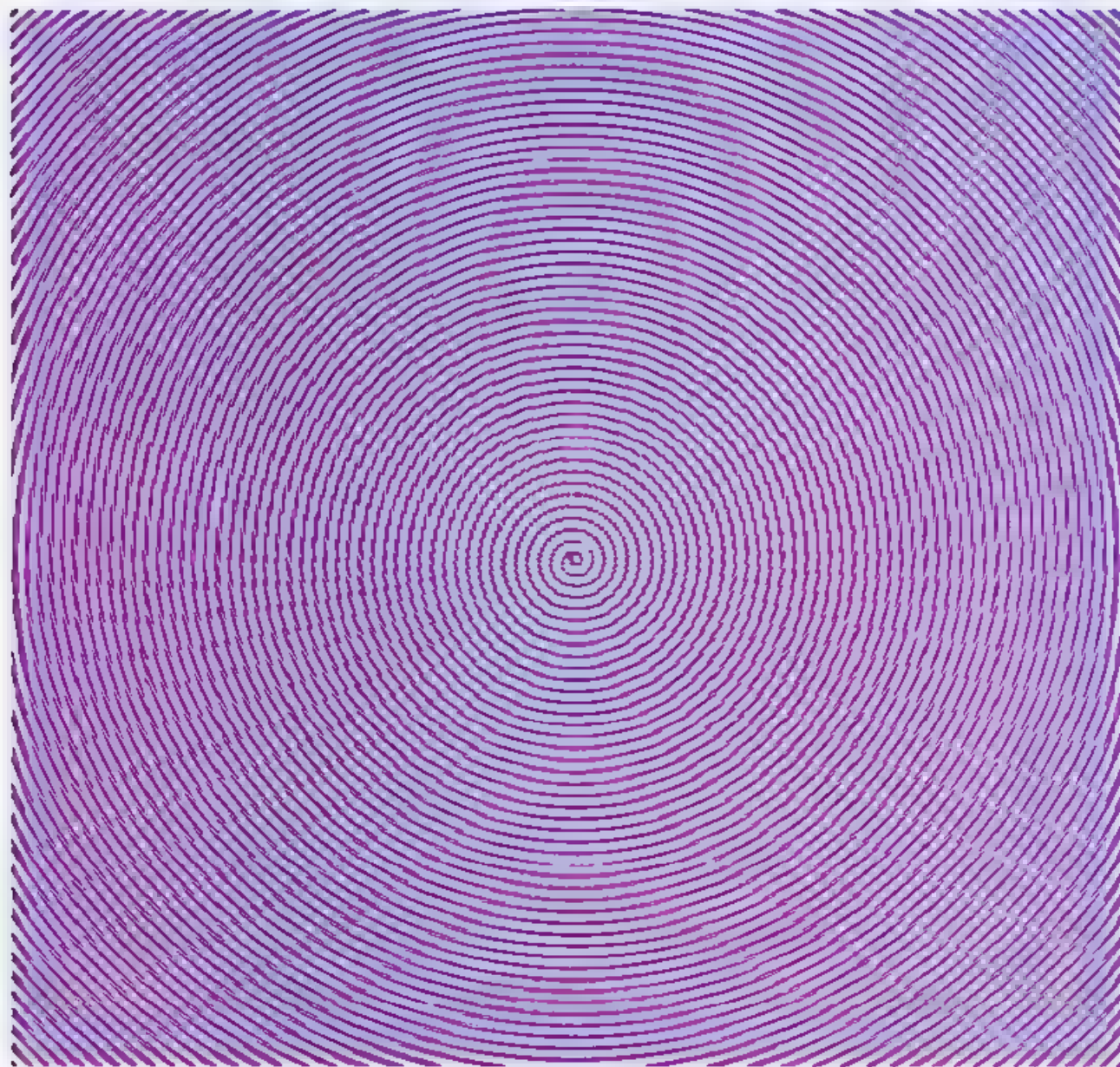
indicate that abuse of phencyclidine has taken a sharp upward swing in Washington, D.C. and other cities of the northeastern seaboard. There has been a four-fold increase in deaths attributable to PCP in Washington and there are reports that over 35 percent of psychological emergency room intakes there involve phencyclidine abuse. PCP-induced psychotic reactions in the workplace are increasing and the new abuse pattern seems to be spreading to

middle-class suburbs. In general, the victims are young, poor and not very knowledgeable about drugs.

PCP can be doubly dangerous. The drug's effects themselves are unpredictable and can be cumulative. Individual reaction can range from zombie-like catatonia to violent activity. The unpredictable behavior of PCP abusers can be frightening and dangerous. Equally frightening is the potential for overreaction by law enforce-

ment and treatment people when confronted by PCP psychosis. The drug is a dissociative anesthetic and renders a user's body insensible to pain during the period of intoxication. This means that anyone abusing PCP is not only vulnerable to acute toxicity, toxic psychosis, PCP precipitated psychotic episodes and PCP-induced depression, but can also bruise, burn or break bones without being aware of it. Watch out for PCP.

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# Just Plain Bill

**Meet William Burroughs, counterculture guru turned country squire. Sure, he's a famous writer who just signed a deal for seven books, but he's also a regular guy who lives in Kansas and likes to go fishin'.**

by John Howell

**L**awrence, Kansas isn't a dateline you'd expect for an interview with William Burroughs. After all, this is one of the creators of the original "Beat" scene who made his reputation in such urban centers as London, Paris, Tangier and New York. Lawrence, on the other hand, is noted for its pastoral, college-town atmosphere and an uneventful Midwestern past punctuated by two violent disasters, one real, the other imaginary. During the Civil War, the town was leveled and several hundred inhabitants massacred during William Quantrill's famous guerilla raid. And recently, Lawrence was the fictional site of nuclear disaster in the television movie *The Day After*. But the grim irony of rural/apocalyptic Lawrence came full circle when, on the plane out to Kansas, I read that, as a boy, Burroughs spent time in a summer camp in Los Alamos, New Mexico—later, of course, to become the center of early atomic bomb testing. So bucolic Lawrence has a karmic past which doesn't seem totally out of synch with one of Beatdom's most notorious figures.

Actually, Burroughs' reasons for residing in Lawrence are quite practical: at 71, he enjoys the slow-

er pace of country life as a relief from his ever-increasing activity as a writer, speechmaker, performer, and world-traveling celebrity. Burroughs does return occasionally to New York City, where he maintains his famous "bunker," a former YMCA gymnasium converted to a windowless residential apartment.

Before moving to Lawrence, Burroughs had made a triumphant "comeback" in New York in 1974. With the help of poets Allen Ginsberg and John Giorno, he abandoned his semi-reclusive, obscure existence in London and returned to America to discover a renewed interest in his work, an enthusiasm that stimulated the most recent phase of his writing. When I called for an interview, Burroughs had planned a lengthy stay in Kansas after the globe-trotting rigors connected with the many seventieth-birthday celebrations.

The occasion was to catch up with the current thoughts of this Beat avatar at a summary point in his long life and career. Burroughs now finds himself cast in a role he has avoided his entire life, that of a literary institution. During the last year, this original "Beat Generation" rebel was elected a fellow of the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters; published his fifteenth book, *The Place*



of *Dead Roads*; was the subject of a full-length film documentary, *Burroughs*; released several recordings of his readings and collections of his early writings; and saw the publication of a Twenty-Fifth Anniversary edition of *Naked Lunch*, the literary scandal which launched him into counterculture stardom in 1959. That's an impressive list of honors and activities for a writer who, at the beginning of his career, was prosecuted for obscenity and who was called, by author Norman Mailer, "the only contemporary American writer truly possessed of genius."

*Naked Lunch* and the other Burroughs books which followed, along with Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* and Jack Kerouac's *On The Road*, served not only as a new literature for a new generation, but outlined a blueprint for an entirely new culture, one which blossomed into a world-wide countercultural revolution in the late '60s. That revolution continues into the '80s, and Burroughs' influence seems more potent, more on-target than ever. A new generation of writers, "new wave" musicians, and just plain fascinated readers have been attracted to Burroughs' black humor, his futuristic prophecies, and his resolutely anti-establishment stance.

And there are even more ambitious plans for the future. Burroughs has signed an agreement with Viking Penguin press to publish seven books in the next five years. They include three novels. *The Western Lands*, a new work; *Interzone*, a pre-*Naked Lunch* work found among Allen Ginsberg's papers stored at the Columbia University Library; and *Queer*, a 1951 work about life in the homosexual underground. These will be followed by collections of interviews and autobiographical pieces, and of film scripts and short novels. Two volumes of letters are also being planned, and, in addition, Viking Penguin will reissue two other early works, *Junky* and *Exterminator*. Also, research has begun for a definitive Burroughs biography.

Certainly, Bill Burroughs at home in Lawrence seems an unlikely candidate to be such an active counterculture guru. He lives not far from the town's wide main street in a modest, Depression-era house built from a Sears Roebuck kit for a few hundred dollars—a homely, frugal fact which amuses Burroughs immensely. As I walked toward the porch, I strayed from the path and stumbled over a small ceramic object hidden in the grass: a recumbent buffalo statuette. "That's a gift from Edie Kerouac," Burroughs called out wryly, as if buffaloes

were an inexplicable Kerouac obsession.

Greeting me at the door, Burroughs looked the part of a small-town Midwestern fisherman (in fact, he does fish), in his khaki work shirt and pants, and work boots. Yet a visitor cannot help but be aware of his other, past roles: the unhappy, upper-class child raised in St. Louis, Missouri as the grandson of the inventor of the adding machine; the expatriate drug addict living in exotic Tangier and bohemian Paris; the tragic *paterfamilias* (Burroughs accidentally shot and killed his wife in 1951, and his only son died in 1981 following a liver transplant operation); the outspoken homosexual. The traces of his extreme life are visible in his slightly stooped but springy posture, his restlessness, and his eyes, which are at times focused far away and, at other times, penetratingly staring.

Burroughs' house in Lawrence is littered with his unusually eclectic collection of literary sources: medical textbooks, *The Unfortunate Traveler* by Thomas Nashe, books by Graham Greene and Joseph Conrad, stacks of handgun magazines, scientific publications, pulp novels of every genre—detective, historical, thriller.

On the top of a bookcase lay two volumes which summed up two Burroughs preoccupations: a dictionary of cats and a history of the devil. Several cats and kittens raced into the combination office-living room. As Burroughs played affectionately with his "little beasts," he also explained his dislike and fear of dogs, a fear which had led him to order an electronic high-frequency dog chaser to chase away ferocious canines. (Burroughs claimed that an elderly neighbor had been torn to pieces by a pit bull terrier, and that he had no intention of sharing her fate.) This eerie device had been ordered from a blurry mimeographed catalog which Burroughs showed me called "Exotic Weapons." As it turned out, Burroughs had ordered other devices from this catalog as well. He produced a blowgun and a particularly ugly-looking knife—which led to a discussion and then the display of various poisons, vials of which Burroughs keeps locked in a cabinet.

Burroughs then asked me if I shot guns, and, when I said that I used to, he invited me to his basement shooting range where we took turns plugging away with a .22 air pistol at shotgun shell casings. Unbelievably, since my experience with pistols is limited, I hit every target, as did Burroughs. We did not fire any of the heavier weapons which Bur-



roughs then showed me—rifles, shotguns, and pistols stored in several cabinets and an ancient safe. When using those big guns, he shoots at a large neighborhood shooting range. Interestingly, while Burroughs spends quite a bit of time target shooting, he refuses to hunt. "Just don't care for it," he says.

After a low-key dinner, which Burroughs insisted on cooking himself, we made an appointment for a serious interview the following afternoon.

During our conversation, Burroughs restlessly chain-smoked (he has since quit), sipped vodka and coke (straight-up), and lit up the occasional joint. At the age of 71, he sometimes showed an impatience at answering many ques-



tions, but his answers were to the point and, when he cared to be expansive, even revelatory. Throughout the talk, Burroughs spoke in his distinctively cracked, dry, deadpan voice with a Midwestern accent which seemed even more pronounced when heard in Lawrence, Kansas.

**HIGH TIMES:** In the past you've spoken of poetic influences like Rimbaud, but your latest book, *The Place of Dead Roads*, seems much more like a novel than your earlier, more experimental books. Is that true?

**WILLIAM BURROUGHS:** It's written in the oldest novel tradition there is, the picaresque tradition, which is simply a

series of incidents, adventures, and misadventures, horrific and comic, encountered by the protagonist who is usually, more or less, a manly hero.

**HIGH TIMES:** After being known for your innovative style, why did you choose to work with the oldest novel form?

**BURROUGHS:** That's just the way the material presented itself. Remember, the novel is really an arbitrary form... it's one way of telling a story.

**HIGH TIMES:** You've also spoken about other novelists who are important to you, like Graham Greene and Joseph Conrad, who, on the face of it, aren't the kind of novelists that one would immediately associate with your kind of

"Beat" writing. How did they influence you?

**BURROUGHS:** There's a chapter in *Cities of the Red Night* that was written in the style of Graham Greene—the health officer episode. And a lot of the descriptive material is very similar to Conrad. Conrad is one of the best writers because he deals in very basic themes and deals with them very, very well. Conrad's characters and themes are very archetypical.

**HIGH TIMES:** Isn't this quite a switch from your earlier, "cut-up" method?

**BURROUGHS:** Oh yes. The cut-up is just a technique that's good in certain cases. It corresponds to the montage method in painting. Painting had the whole rep-



representational position knocked out from under it by photography, but nothing of the sort has happened with writing, so it didn't have to change. Painting did. One of the early changes was montage painting, which introduces the element of time into painting. Montage applies particularly to an urban context: you walk around the block, come back, and put down what you've seen on the canvas—a jumble of fragments: half a car, a sign, etc. I mean, life is a cut-up—your consciousness is always being cut by random factors, and you can apply exactly that same method to writing. But the content of *Dead Roads* really dictated a straighter narrative style.

**HIGH TIMES:** You've talked and written a lot about dreams and dream-states. I'm wondering how you get in touch with those parts of the psyche to use them for writing?

**BURROUGHS:** A good part of my material comes from dreams. A lot of it is just straight transcription of dreams with some amplification, of course. And then there'll be a feedback between dreams and material as you dream about what you're writing, so you'll get a feedback starting there.

**HIGH TIMES:** Do you ever change or add to dream writings?

**BURROUGHS:** Oh yes, it's like any material, any input. You have to make whatever use of it you want. Same way with cut-ups—you're quite at liberty to change it or add to it.

**HIGH TIMES:** Are there any processes or techniques by which you can encourage or train yourself to dream, or to pull "material" from other than conscious sources?

**BURROUGHS:** There are, but I don't know how effective they are. Henry Miller says, "Who writes the great books? Not the people that had their names on them because all they are is receptacles. They just tune in to something." It's not a question of being original, it's just a question of tuning in because it's all there. Now, are there techniques for tuning in? Yes, there are. I've given courses about creativity, and in one exercise, I had my students walk around the block, come back, and put down everything that they had seen and experienced in that walk, with particular attention to the points where what they were thinking of when this or that occurred—when they crossed a street or saw a sign—so they begin to see that there's a distinct relationship. Often, they'll be thinking about something and then they'll see something that's very directly related to what

"A lot of my material is just straight transcriptions of dreams with some amplification."

they're thinking: synchronicity. And sometimes they become quite paranoid as a result of keeping their eyes open and realizing that everything that happens has significance to you because you experience it.

That's one of many exercises. And of course, paying attention to your dreams. Many people forget them if they're not written down. There's a difference between the brain choices, the memory choices of waking, and dream experience, which is much more ephemeral. And there's the cut-ups, when you want to introduce randomness into the picture—which is an integral part of experience. Many of the Buddhist exercises are applicable—those of undirected thought. Instead of trying to solve the problem, just sit there and look at it, not trying to solve it. And the solution is there, the solution will occur to you, or it won't, as the case may be.

**HIGH TIMES:** In your writings, a variously identified "they" seems to be an obstacle to a fuller consciousness. Sometimes you call it capitalism, other times Christianity, and sometimes, it's the female.

**BURROUGHS:** Or any sort of social conditioning. For example, Islam or whatever. God knows, Islam is every bit as bad as Christianity, if not worse because more people believe it.

**HIGH TIMES:** What leads to this paradox, in which a spiritual exercise turns into a control mechanism to close the mind?

**BURROUGHS:** It's a paradox known as time. Any exercise will become sterile

and pointless and stereotyped in time. It's the nature of time.

**HIGH TIMES:** What do you think when you are criticized for the violent or sexual nature of your books?

**BURROUGHS:** I don't feel that any material is, by its nature, untouchable. When it comes to violence, you can find so many classical examples of violence. Usually, when people object to the violence in my books, they're just saying that they don't like the book—which has nothing to do with criticism.

**HIGH TIMES:** What do you think about readers who discount the conspiracy theories in your books?

**BURROUGHS:** Depends. There would be people who are engaged in behind-the-scenes maneuvers that they naturally don't want to have made public. Other people will say that these maneuvers don't exist, that this is all paranoia, which is exactly what the people engaged in maneuvers hope they will think.

**HIGH TIMES:** Do you feel like the messenger who is punished for bearing the bad news?

**BURROUGHS:** As I see it, the function of art or great thought is to make people aware of what they know and don't know that they know. You can't tell anyone something they don't already know on some level.

**HIGH TIMES:** A lot of musicians have been inspired by your work: Steely Dan, Patti Smith, Lou Reed. What do you think is the connection?

**BURROUGHS:** I'm not into music, I very rarely go to concerts. But I know about rock and roll, of course. It's one of the more potent forces in the whole cultural revolution that we've seen in the past thirty years. This Shea Stadium concert concept is quite new, there's no historical precedent for it, and it's a very potent force that's much more immediate than writing or even film. Possibly, the musicians feel that we're doing the same thing in different mediums. That is, breaking down barriers and exploring new territories.

**HIGH TIMES:** You have made at least two general statements about the way the world works, that "nothing is ever accidental," and that "there are no real rules in the universe."

**BURROUGHS:** Well, take the word "real" now. There are rules that hold up for a certain length of time. Euclid's universe held up for a while until Einstein came in with the field theory.

**HIGH TIMES:** But when we say there are not accidents, does that imply a determinism by rules that can't be per-



ceived or defined?

**BURROUGHS:** Not at all. There are no accidents in what I call the magical universe, or in anyone's life. There's no such thing as a coincidence. This doesn't refer to any definite set of rules, it simply means that everything that happens is significant to the observer because he observes it. If it wasn't significant, he wouldn't see it.

**HIGH TIMES:** How does that subjective criteria relate to the question of fiction and autobiography? Are your later books more or less autobiographical than your earlier ones?

**BURROUGHS:** All writing is autobiographical in a sense. All novels are autobiography and also, all novels are fic-

tion at the same time. So many people thought that Jack Kerouac was writing straight autobiography. He wasn't at all, he was writing fiction. *On the Road* could not possibly be written now any more than *The Great Gatsby* could be written now. A book is as much context as anything else. Besides which, the present is very much influenced by *On the Road*. Time is everything.

**HIGH TIMES:** Speaking of time, there's lots of time travel in your books, both flashbacks and, perhaps more uncommon, flash-forwards. How does your use of those devices relate to film?

**BURROUGHS:** If you've got a flashback, the idea of the flash-forward should be automatic. It took film years to get to

the actual flash-forward even though they were the ones in a unique position to do it. Film can get quite extraordinary déjà vu effects by just flashing a few frames forward. They started to do that in *Easy Rider* and *Alice's Restaurant*. But I think the device has not really been powerfully explored because there are all sorts of things you can do with it. You can do the same thing in writing by having a short, rather incomprehensible phrase or two that will become comprehensible later. The point is, there are so many ways to tell the same story.

**HIGH TIMES:** How can you tell if the way you're telling the story is getting in the way of the story itself?

**BURROUGHS:** I don't know why these last two books [*Cities of the Red Night* and *The Place of Dead Roads*] should appear at all incomprehensible. That can only be a result of the content rather than the method of relation. Books are coming to have less and less logic. More and more, books and films are just a series of incidents. Look at *Indiana Jones*. Things may not be logically connected or connected in any way. Did you read *Aztec*? Just one atrocity after another, and finally you just get numb under the weight of incidents without the least affect. Nobody seems to be reacting to any of these horrors at all, and it goes on for nine hundred pages.

**HIGH TIMES:** Why haven't more films been made from your books?

**BURROUGHS:** Just because something is visual doesn't mean it's cinematic at all. There have been scripts, but none of them particularly good. Take a book like *Naked Lunch*. It's very difficult material, a challenge to put on film.

**HIGH TIMES:** What did you think about seeing your life on film in the documentary, *Burroughs*?

**BURROUGHS:** I think it was a good job, given the material. It's not supposed to be anything but a documentary of certain aspects, not a final statement. There can be no final statement.

**HIGH TIMES:** Which contemporary writers do you feel close to?

**BURROUGHS:** The older ones, Conrad, Genet, Joyce, Beckett. But of writers right now, very few. There are lots of modern, so-called serious novelists that I don't know anything about. Frederick Forsyth is a very good writer. People don't see to what an extent he is a revolutionary writer, what a literary tour de force *The Day of the Jackal* is.

**HIGH TIMES:** Best-selling thrillers aren't usually thought of as revolutionary.

**BURROUGHS:** Just because something

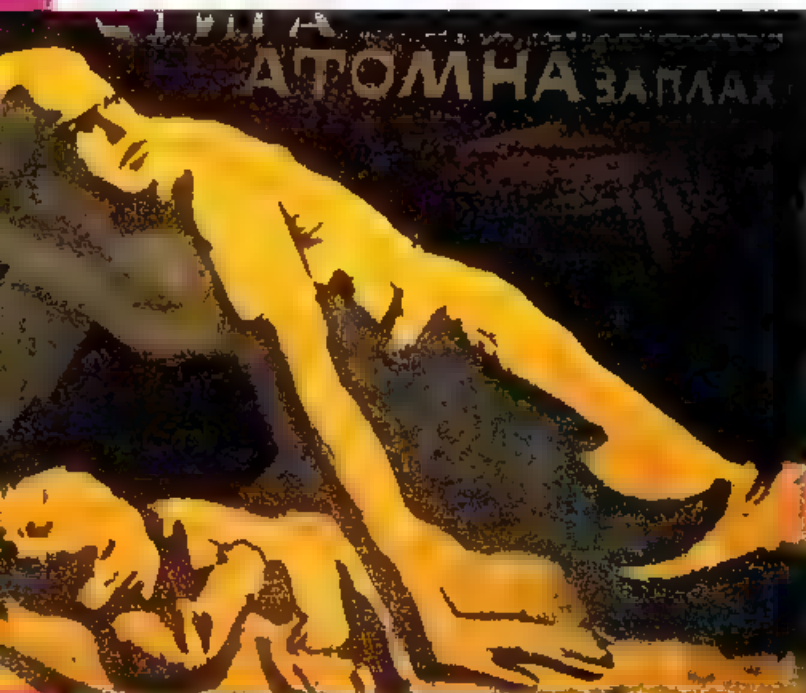
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# Art Against War

400 years of graphic protest

D.J.R. Bruckner, Seymour Chwast & Steven Heller



▲ *No More Nuclear Blackmail*, Boris Angelushev (1965, Bulgarian poster, FDU).

► *Against Death by the Atom Bomb*, Paul Peter Piech (1982, linocut, courtesy of Graphis Press, Zurich, Switzerland).

*Art Against War* is a survey of antiwar art from the past four centuries. It is not a history, political or otherwise, but an attempt to show how different practitioners in the visual arts—the well-known, the respected, and the obscure—have criticized warfare. Don Bruckner has written a text about the pictures and a general introduction. Seymour Chwast and I chose the art from various private, library, and museum collections. Since the scope of this subject exceeds the space here, we have selected what we believe are among the most striking, acerbic, and well-crafted images in an arsenal of iconographic ordnance stocked from the beginning of the seventeenth century to the present . . . We looked first for artistic merit, originality, and clear articulation of a point of view, and selected them from several categories: antiwar art, in which war is overtly depicted as dreadful; antimilitarist art, which focuses on the makers of war; and personal art where war is depicted in a more intimate manner. We left out very obscure abstract art, because of its lack of clarity on the theme. We have tried to keep the ubiquitous symbolic and allegorical clichés—so endemic to this art—to a minimum. Many forms, styles, and media are represented, including painting and sculpture, prints and posters, illustration and cartoons. . .

We have also omitted official, nationalistic, and propagandistic arts: images that foster hatred against an enemy or support any particular war, no matter how justified we may think it was. For the same reason we have left out civil wars and revolutions. In fact, the majority of work here represents reactions to wars between nations in which large civilian populations were the ones killed. Many of the most striking works here were produced after these conflicts ended.

*Art Against War* is a reminder that war is an all too often recurring theme in art, and that, moreover, if there is another world war there will be no art.

Steven Heller



“KAMPF DEM ATOMTOD”



# STOP



*Ben Shahn*

# H BOMB TESTS

NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR A SANE NUCLEAR POLICY 17 E. 45 ST. PREPARED BY GRAPHIC ARTISTS FOR SANE

Does the artist come out as a hero? Hardly. Intellectuals who define words can change images for a time, but not for long. Heroism belongs to people who have struggled, without regard to their own lives, for the survival of others, and their effort has been recognized as that kind of struggle for that kind of end. The artist against war faces that problem first, or he ends up competing with heroes, and if he does, he loses.

There is another problem for the artist. People have always needed heroes. Not the idea of heroes, but real ones who succeeded against the worst odds or who were killed. There is a sound popular suspicion that, if there are no battles, the qualities that make heroes will disappear. But the death of the hero is a profound tragedy to any nation. So, war becomes a mystery of evil that has baffled theologians, philosophers, statesmen, and soldiers alike.

The artist always has a problem that is not different from that of the urchin on the street corner or someone buying detergents in a market: how to define overall human purpose and how to divine the intentions of other people? When the artist takes up thinking about war, he is in the same position as everyone else. Either he is going to think about it himself or he is going to accept the norms. If he thinks about it for himself, he has the usual job of the independent thinker: he has to attack his own assumptions constantly. If he does, what he comes up with will tend to speak to people in much the same way anyone with much experience of life speaks when there is an extraordinary reason to speak. That is the foundation level, and it is important to remember in a time when fear and comfort lead a lot of people to say they are against war when what they mean is that they are for themselves.

In the end, the artist cannot distinguish his motives for himself. In the long run people who are not artists will do that. None of us involved in this book would have agreed with one another about any but a few of the selections in it. In the end, we have tried to give a selection—and it is small—of the work of artists we think have tried to think the problem through either in their art or before they did the art.

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▲ Illustrations from *Demain*, Frans Masereel (1915, woodcuts, private collection).

◀ *Stop H Bomb Tests*, Ben Shahn (1960, serigraph, poster for the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, © estate of Ben Shahn, 1983).



# Cocaine

by Dean Latimer

## *The Pleasures and Perils of "the All-American Drug"*

In America circa 1985, cocaine is *everywhere*. It's in the headlines and on TV; it's being investigated in Congress and attacked at government hearings; it's available on streetcorners, in schoolyards and workplaces in every big city and small town in the United States. Even Bonzo Reagan's henchmen are calling it "the All-American Drug" (see Flashes). Forget about any outdated image of toot-takers as back-alley dope fiends. Today's coke users are athletes, accountants and government agents; they're stockbrokers, schoolteachers and psychotherapists. And, in ever-increasing numbers, they are women. The most recent government figures estimate the number of cokers in America at 21.6 million, up 400 percent since 1974. But reliable information on this drug—or any drug, for that matter—does not come from the government or its media mouthpieces. The 1984 National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA) report on cocaine, their first since 1977, is riddled with the same kinds of misinformation, biased research and paranoid propaganda that have always been the staples of our government's antidrug hype. For the up-to-the-minute word on the First Lady of controlled substances, we went where any right-thinking American would go: to our Executive Almighty Editor Dean Latimer. He filed this state-of-the-toot report.



Here's Dr. Donald Ian Macdonald, newly nominated by President Reagan to head up the entire federal Alcohol, Drug Abuse and Mental Health Administration (ADAMHA), addressing the annual convention of the National Federation of Parents for Drug-Free Youth in Washington late last year.

*"All over the country, I hear the cocaine story. What's happening with this drug? I don't think we know. We do know that more people are showing up in the emergency room. We do know that more people are dying."*

*"What we have begun to think is that it takes about five years after a person begins using cocaine before that person shows up in the emergency room. Cocaine usually is preceded by marijuana use."*

*"If that's what is happening, maybe things will get better, because we are now five or six years beyond that 1978 marijuana peak [among high-school seniors]. The price of cocaine has gone down, and now it is going up again. It's being sold now in capsules. We do need to know more about cocaine."*

Dr. Macdonald, who is a pediatrician from Clearwater, Florida, will be administering the funds and directing the research of all the federal government's "abuse" services for the next four years, pending his rubber-stamp confirmation in the Senate this spring. He pretty obviously does need to learn a great deal about cocaine, if he believes there's something especially menacing about cocaine appearing on the street in deceptive pharmaceutical-looking capsules, for oral ingestion. (Nobody swallows cocaine in capsules, Dr. Macdonald; absorption of cocaine through the gastrointestinal tract is lousy, erratic and unpredictable. The capsules are busted open, y'see, and then the coke is snorted, like usual.) He also obviously believes that marijuana-smoking leads to cocaine-snorting, so that if we can just keep the kids off pot, the coke trade will dry up and blow away. And he assumes automatically that anyone who uses this mysterious drug is doomed to experience a sudden life-threatening crisis of some sort within five years after initiation.

Dr. Macdonald makes a good audience, then. He is exactly as ignorant as most other people in the world about cocaine, and exactly as puzzled when he hears all these horror stories in the cocaine-crazed popular media. There obviously does really and truly exist a Grave Problem in our country today, involving more people than ever before

doing more cocaine than ever before, and doing it in ways that are bad for their health. This is a very legitimate focus of public concern. Since the new ADAMHA director is now learning about cocaine from absolute scratch—from a little less than absolute scratch—just like everyone else in the land, I hope he will find the following analysis useful for his inquiries.

But I have to warn him, cocaine's really not like marijuana at all. In this case, the truth behind the media scare campaign is just about as frightening as the scare stories themselves. As Paul Kraussner said once, "The truth does not necessarily make you free."

## The Cocaine Glut

There used to be a myth—assiduously promulgated for years and years by all the best official sources, from NIDA to the DEA—that the cocaine-yielding coca plant grew only at remote, restrictive altitudes in the Andes. *Coca erythroxylon* and *novogranatense* were mountain shrubs, not tropical plants, we were all told. If we merely watch those Andean countries closely—Peru, Bolivia, Colombia—we can control cocaine production.

We were being lied to, by golly.

Coca grows just fine down in the South American jungles, and just about everywhere else in the world. That was discovered in the late '70s, when wholesale Bolivian coca agriculture spread down out of the mountains to the desolate lowlands of Beni Department, the Amazonian watershed on the eastern border with Brazil. The new Beni producers, such as celebrated neofascist Roberto Suarez, made so much money that they took over the whole Bolivian government in 1980 for two years of fascist terror and global dope-dealing. And now coca's being grown all over Brazil, and Venezuela and Argentina too, according to the State Department's Bureau of International Narcotics Matters (the only trustworthy narco outfit in the whole government, ADAMHA not excluded).

Sure, sure—all you've read and heard about in the peanut-gallery media is the monumental and heroic efforts of the Colombian government to chase all the cocaine mafiosi out of their country. This is true, and it's a genuinely historical achievement for Colombia. But the advantage to the United States is minimal, because of all this new coca husbandry in Brazil and Argentina, nations which, like Bolivia, are so impossibly in eternal debt to global institutions like the International Monetary Fund that illegal dope money is the only money

that can be made and kept there.

The result is more cocaine in the world than ever before. In the process of chasing out those narco-mafiosa last spring, Colombian authorities discovered a coke-lab complex along the Yari River that was stockpiling 13.5 tons of finished cocaine hydrochloride. That was more coke in one bust than the total of all cocaine seizures in previous law-enforcement history. And even though the whole 13.5 tons was diligently destroyed, it did not nudge the price of coke on the street in the United States. More coke than ever before has been coming in, all year long. Rural Louisiana is currently the preferred drop zone for all these tons of reinforcing contraband; parish sheriffs there report that while they were lucky to bust an occasional gram of coke just a couple of years ago, nowadays they're snaring it by multiples of kilos. It is possible that all this portends broad new changes in patterns of individual cocaine use.



Dr. Mitch Rosenthal, director of the Phoenix House detox-and-rehab center in New York City (funded only partially through ADAMHA), has the handle on it already. "Today more than 36 percent of the population has used an illicit drug," says Dr. Rosenthal. "It is no longer a phenomenon of the minority poor, the underclass. Over 20 years, there has been a de facto decriminalization of drug use. Our culture, in effect, has said, if you want to get high, then get high."

That's true, Dr. Macdonald, we did say that. We still say it, too.

Dr. Arnold Washton of Regent Hospital in New York, co-proprietor of the famous 800-COCAINE "helpline," has the handle on it himself: "What we have is the baby boom of World War Two that has shifted from marijuana to cocaine."

Even women, who traditionally have stayed shy of hard-core drug stuff (in white North American society, anyhow), are into this cocaine nastiness. Washton recently advised an appalled President's Commission on Organized Crime. "Women are being introduced to cocaine through courtships," Dr. Washton told the Commission. "Instead of candy or roses, men bring cocaine as a gift." That's a top New York City psychiatrist talking there, Dr. Macdonald! And he says the percentage of women calling his "helpline" has risen from one-third to almost one-half in just one year.

Benjamin Ward, police commissioner of the selfsame city—where all historic

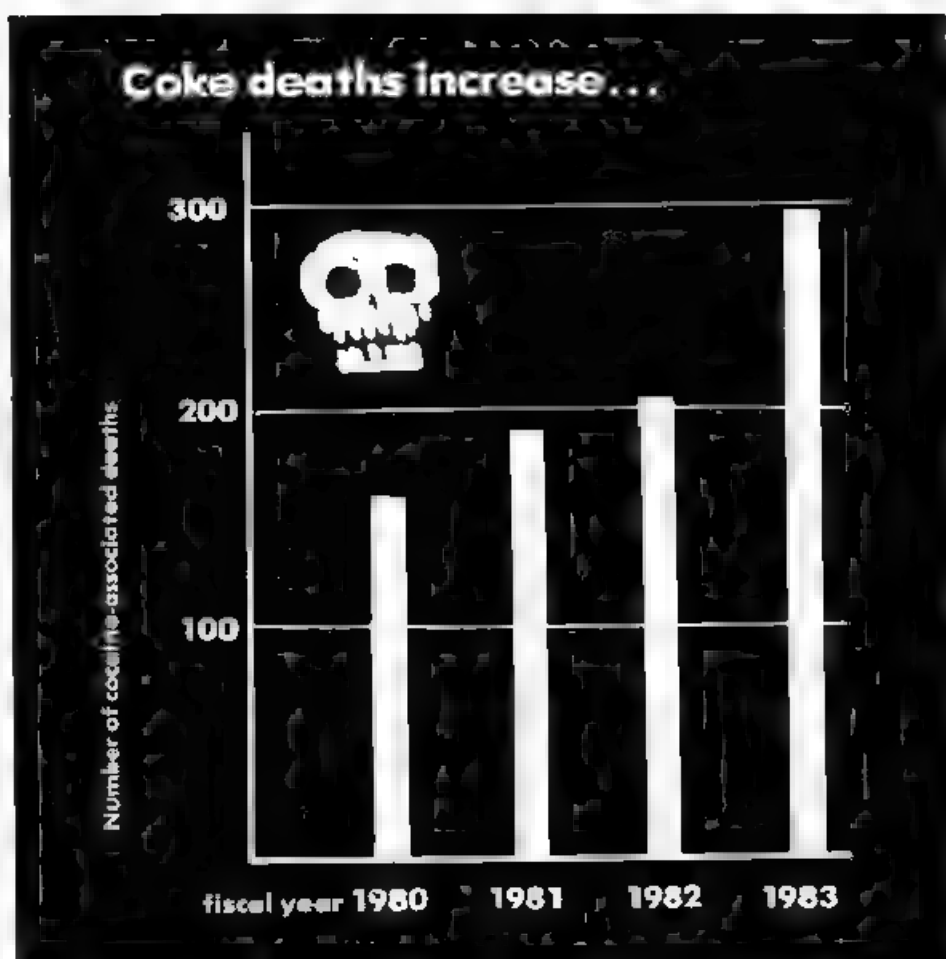
drug trends seem still to originate, even before they manifest in Miami—is *getting* the handle on it. The price of cocaine at the wholesale level in New York totally caved in between 1981 and 1984, from nearly \$100,000 a kilogram to barely \$40,000. Although the city's established rich and trendy "end consumers" are still, as always, paying around \$100 per aggregate gram, a gram today is nearly 40 percent cocaine, whereas four years ago it was barely 10 percent coke. (The rest is called "the step" or "the cut," Dr. Macdonald, mannitol, procaine, inositol or phenylpropanolamine, with just a *trace* of Borax for that tell-tale cocaine odor.) This means that the sort of cocaine which was formerly available strictly to well-heeled high-society types in rich and trendy circles is now equally available to every cabdriver, bistro waitress, housewife, and—yes—schoolkid in town. And if that's happening in New York this year, Dr. Macdonald, then in four more years it'll be happening in Sioux Falls and Pocatello—white kids on freebase, Dr. Macdonald! Police Commissioner Benjamin Ward's reaction?

"New York City does not produce the drugs that are sold on its streets," he says. "The coca plant does not grow in Brooklyn. The opium poppy does not grow in the Bronx. There are no fields of marijuana in Central Park. If the federal government had used its enormous power to prevail on those countries that cultivate drug crops, cities like New York would not have to combat these drugs on the street."

There it is, Dr. Macdonald, the Police Commissioner of New York City (a Democratic Party fief) wants to know, implicitly, how Ronald Reagan let the price of coke drop through the floor during his first term, and what the feds propose to do about it before the '88 elections. This is exactly the sort of complicated headache which ADAMHA directors have to grapple with all the time.



It gets just unmercifully complicated, too. You can't blithely call for sending the United States Marine Corps into those cocaine-producing countries—although that approach has many powerful political adherents—because they're all on our side, traditionally, against the Communist Menace. Although Peru and Bolivia have nominally "socialist" governments at the moment, they were elected by the democratic process, and they shun Moscow and Peking and Cuba religiously. As for Colombia, it's our staunchest and most



effective ally in that whole part of the world. But all these governments are pretty shaky, because their economies are all shot to hell, and have been that way for as long as anyone there can remember. Sending in *Yanqui* troops for any reason would only guarantee violent revolution, and wouldn't Dr. Castro in Havana just love *that*?

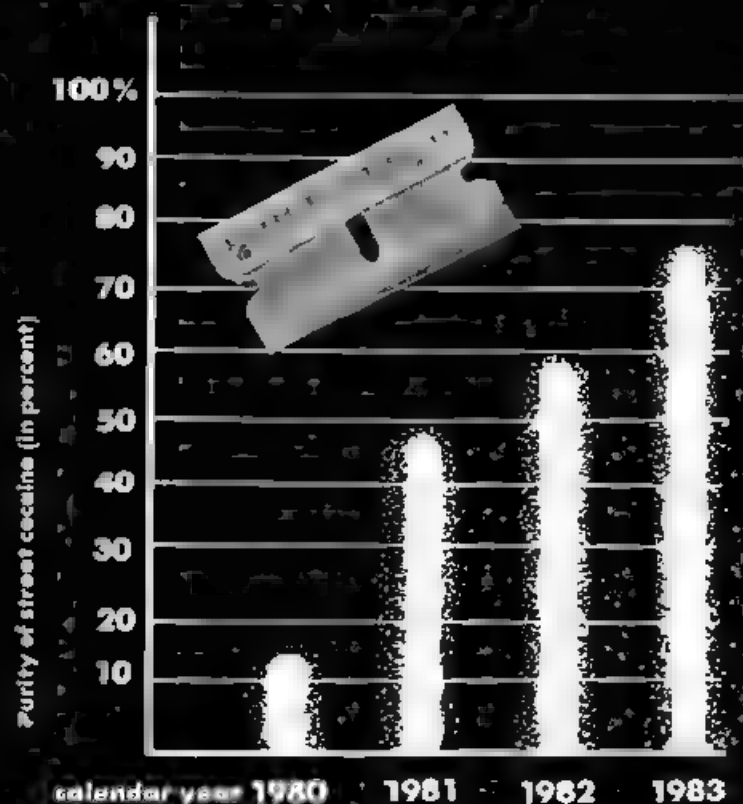
If the ol' send-in-the-Marines ploy isn't the answer—and it obviously isn't, not even for the war-mongering Reaganauts—then what *can* be done to eliminate cocaine at the source? Well, "crop substitution" is a popular dodge, in which US AID funds are used to introduce coca-growing peasants to alternative forms of legal tillage: soybeans, cotton, peanuts, corn and so on. The reason coca can be so profitably grown 'way back in the boonies, y'see, is because the coca leaf-paste is wonderfully compact and transportable. Immensely profitable bundles of it can be easily flown, mule-trained, or canoed out of the bush to the final refining labs. You can't do that with soybeans or cotton or anything else that's nutritious and legal, because it's just too bulky. So we not only have to teach the *campesinos* how to grow all this new legal herbage, but we have to put in roads and fuel depots and airstrips back in the bush there.

(And the *narcotraficantes* move dope on these new roads.) But the *real* job comes when we finally have to persuade the country's established, traditional commodities marketers—the *haciendado* clans who run the corn and peanut and cotton companies—to accept free-market competition from these upstart bush peasants. At that point, overnight, the country's most trusted media invariably expose US AID's crop-sub programs as a big subversive Communist plot.

The current "socialist" government of Hernan Siles Zuazo in La Paz, Bolivia for instance, currently repudiates crop-substitution money from the United States. Siles Zuazo has developed an understandably jaundiced view of U.S. antinarcotics initiatives ever since last summer, when a gang of DEA-trained civilian narcs called "Los Leopardos" kidnapped him out of his own palace one early morning, as part of a botched right-wing coup attempt. The DEA's thinking had been that since Bolivian cops only make around \$25 a month, they're useless against well-heeled snort movers, unless they can be "motivated" properly. So the DEA put together this crack, crisply-uniformed squad of incorruptible young stormtroopers, trained by all the best behavior-modification methods, and set them to kicking down



## ...And so does purity



doors and roughing people up around the upland growing region. Los Leopardos did less than nothing about coke kingpin Roberto Suarez and his private army down in the Yungas, harvesting untold tons of coca leaves four times a year, year in and year out; but these snappy young goosesleppers sure *looked* like they were doing something important, and the pop media back in the USA just loved them to pieces. Then one morning last July they kidnapped the 70-year-old president of *their own country*, and broke one of his ribs in the process, and held him for a whole agonizing day with a gun at his head, until U.S. Ambassador Edwin Corr negotiated his release and turned off the coup. So the Bolivians aren't even accepting our useless crop-sub money, for the time being.

Meanwhile, Roberto Suarez still has most of the Beni—and now a good deal of the upland *Chepare* region—under coca, plucking four multi-billion-dollar harvests every single year. Jaime Paz Zamora, Siles' vice-president, gloomily tells *The New York Times*: "Basic logic indicates that half our foreign exchange comes from the coca. The real central bank of Bolivia isn't in La Paz. It's in the *Chepare*."

Siles and Paz Zamora last year briefly floated this rather complicated idea:

suppose the La Paz government were to buy up all the coca from Suarez some harvest season, and simply *burn* nearly all of it? Thus, most of the coca in the world would be eradicated, no? The little they would spare could be infused into low-proof, quality-controlled coca beverages, like the original Coca-Cola or Vin Mariani wine. Since that would then be virtually *all* the cocaine in the whole world, the revenues it would generate on the international gourmet-beverage market could be used to buy up Roberto Suarez' *next* coca crop. And so on, yes? No. *The New York Times* itself reacted with righteous horror to this suggestion that any "legal" form of coca should ever be suffered to desecrate the free marketplace. (Think of the children, Dr. Macdonald!) Also, the socialist La Paz parliament officially voted to censure President Siles for even thinking of *talking* to that murdering fascist Suarez. Siles went on a public hunger strike to protest the censure, and another coke-stopping scheme went down the tubes.

With every effort by our government and the governments of the rapidly expanding number of coke-producing countries having utterly failed to stem the flow of cocaine into this country, it's obvious that a lot of Americans are anx-

ious to consume some of this abundant supply. Reagan's drug "experts" estimate the number of cocaine users in the U.S. at 21.6 million, up almost 400 percent since 1974. And the number of *chronic* users is pegged at 4.2 million. That means there are a lot of new cocaine addicts. And on the heels of this increase comes a new government scare campaign to portray these people as the lowest form of humanity. That's where you come in, Dr. Macdonald

## The New Cocaine Addict

You hear about these new cocaine addicts everywhere, even in *HIGH TIMES* last month: "Among cocaine users, it is estimated that roughly ten percent will become cocaine addicts." (Dr. David Smith and Richard Seymour, "Addiction In The '80s," *HIGH TIMES Abuse Folio*, February, 1985)

Of course, Smith and Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic were good enough to explain, in the same piece, how this term "addiction" has been radically altered in its official definition over just the last five years, so that it now conveniently comprises any conceivable sort of repetitive "bad" behavior, from alcoholism to gambling to enema fetishism. A cocaine "addict" is not the same thing as your traditional skag junkie, and the problem is not the same problem. However, although the word's definition has radically altered, its mass-media connotations are the same as ever. An "addict" is a sick, pathetic, evil, cunning, worthless, threatening, contemptible, murdering, thieving, swindling, suffering, hopeless automaton: a *golem* nightmare figure conjured up to evoke all your deepest childhood fears and hatreds. The only new thing about it is that cocaine has now been elected to serve, with heroin, as the magic drug instrument which transmutes worthwhile human beings into social Frankensteins. In fact, cocaine is now being touted as a *better* instrument for this purpose than heroin ever was. Some influential researchers and government spokespersons are already telling coffee-time news anchorwomen that cocaine does this awful thing to people *whether they want to be addicts or not!*

As coke gets cheaper and more widely available, people everywhere are tempted to go for the hard-core high of freebasing or shooting up. *Everything* changes after that.

In the 1977 NIDA report on cocaine, otherwise-thoughtful researchers rashly insinuated that there might be sort of a

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# WHAT DOPE DOES TO MOVIES

## Twenty years of altered states have produced a new look in film

by Jonathan Rosenbaum

**T**hink of the way that *Blade Runner* starts: a long, lingering aerial view of Los Angeles in the year 2019, punctuated by dragon-like spurts of noxious yellow flames, with enormous close-ups of a blue eye whose iris reflects these sinister, muffled explosions. Or consider the zany, spastic contortions of Steve Martin on his way to an elevator in *All of Me*—torn schizophrenically between his own identity and that of a recently reincarnated Lily Tomlin. Two hostile forces and divided wills twist his elastic, string-bean body into a wild succession of contradictory jazz riffs, a riddled battlefield careening this way and that under opposing orders.

Better yet, contemplate the hallucinatory special-effects and the screwy changes of tone in *Gremlins*. Or ponder *Metropolis*, where Fritz Lang's 1927 view of the future meets Giorgio Moroder's 1984 take on disco history. Or what about the charming way that a couple suavely saunter out the door of a nightclub and onto a dreamlike city street, in the elegant opening shot of *Choose Me?*

All of these experiences have something to do with dope. None of them would look or sound the same today if marijuana hadn't seized and transformed the style of pop movies twenty years ago. This isn't to say that the filmmakers in question are necessarily teahads, or that the people in the audience have to be wiggled-out in order to appreciate these efforts. Stoned consciousness, after all, is a historical fact—

the experiences of people high on grass have profoundly affected the aesthetics of movies for everyone: filmmakers and spectators, smokers and nonsmokers alike.

It all started around the same time that movies as a whole got shaken up. Exploding Sixties culture opened up the way to all sorts of outside influences. From England came the Beatles and the Rolling Stones; from France came the New Wave movies of Godard, Resnais and Truffaut; political models were exported from China and Cuba, religious models from India and Japan. Meanwhile, the herbal emblems of certain American minorities—the peyote of Indians, the reefers of blacks—got tossed into the same heady stew, adding a congenial flavor to all the rest

**W**hat did dope do to the movies, exactly? First of all, it changed the way that people looked and listened. Then it altered the way that they accepted what they saw and heard.

*In Los Angeles, among the independent filmmakers at their midnight screenings I was told that I belonged to the older generation, that Agee-alcohol generation they called it, who could not respond to the new films because I didn't take pot or LSD and so couldn't learn just to accept everything.*

This is Pauline Kael, writing in 1964. The article in question is the introduction to her first collection of movie reviews, an essay which is significantly

subtitled, "Are the Movies Going to Pieces?" Clearly alarmed at the gradual erosion of audience interest in coherent, well-turned narratives and the growing enthusiasm for jazzy European innovations, Kael could already see a relation between this shift in taste and the widening popularity of grass over alcohol. Appropriately enough, this revelation took place at a midnight movie—one of those dark, damp retreats of the '60s where stoned consciousness first came into full bloom. As J. Hoberman and I have explored at some length in the book *Midnight Movies*, marijuana and midnight screenings have nearly always been closely interconnected, if only because dope invariably helps to foster a wider and more hedonistic spirit of aesthetic openness.

For many avant-garde filmmakers, the requirement placed on most films to "tell a story" often stands in the way of other possible pleasures that movies can afford. The tendency to savor individual moments which pot encourages—a trend towards fragmented experience which TV has also promoted—made consistent and realistic storylines less important than they had been in previous decades. The qualities of pure spectacle found in Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey* (1968) and such psychedelic fruit salads as Federico Fellini's *Juliet of the Spirits* (1965) and *Fellini Satyricon* (1970) were dismissed and disparaged by Kael and other members of her generation. But legions of pot-





heads passionately embraced these movies, the potheads cared more about what the movies had to show than what they had to say. One older critic, Andrew Sarris, revised his negative opinion of *2001* somewhat after he returned to the film with the aid of a little herbal stimulation.

Other older critics retracted their original harsh judgements of *Bonnie and Clyde* (1967) after the film went on to become a box office smash with the youth market. Now here was a movie that *had* a detailed storyline—but one that was subject to constant and abrupt changes of tone. As in French New Wave classics like Godard's *Breathless* and Truffaut's *Shoot the Piano Player*, slapstick comedy and nostalgic romance alternated with tragic bloodbath violence, and the crazy shifts in mood spelled out another version of the same message propounded by Kubrick and Fellini: that film is an art of the present tense where anything could happen. Grass helped to clear the way for this idea, by promoting its own forms of discontinuity. Just as a doper's stoned rap might suddenly veer in mid-sentence from a consideration of life to a consideration of toenails, many of the new movies were alienating some viewers and enrapturing others with their moment-to-moment unpredictability.

The same year that Kael first acknowledged the influence of dope on film tastes, Susan Sontag published her "Notes on Camp," which bore witness

to a closely related phenomenon—the ironic appreciation by certain audiences of sincere art that was outrageously overblown. Sontag's movie examples ranged all the way from *Shanghai Express* to Steve Reeves, from Busby Berkeley to *King Kong*. All pointed in the direction of a certain alienated detachment on the part of the viewer, yielding still another potential recipe for finding pleasure in artifacts that even straight audiences couldn't always take straight.

If camp taste probably owed as much to gay sensibility as pot owed to black culture, there was a definite way in which these two minority interests often worked hand in glove. Witness the lasting success of *Reefer Madness* as a midnight camp classic. Made in 1940, at the peak of Federal Drug Commissioner Henry J. Anslinger's hysterical anti-pot crusade, this crude, demented tract was rediscovered at the Library of Congress in the early '70s by NORML director Keith Stroup, who launched it at a midnight fund-raising benefit. By the same token—or *toke*—stoned amusement has helped to pave the success of such deliberate camp efforts as *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* and *Forbidden Zone*.

...I occasionally use marijuana in preference to alcohol, and have for several decades. I say occasionally and mean it quite literally; I have spent about as many hours high as I have in movie theaters—sometimes 3 hours a week, sometimes 12

or 20 or more, as at a film festival—with about the same degree of alteration of my normal awareness.

—Allen Ginsberg, 1965

Let's say that early period [up through *Pierrot le fou*] was my hippie period. I was addicted to movies as the hippies are addicted to marijuana. (I don't smoke marijuana, but I don't need to because movies are the same to me), but now I'm over this movie marijuana magic thing.

—Jean-Luc Godard, 1969

With the advent of such purely visual masterpieces of the late Sixties as *2001: A Space Odyssey*, John Boorman's *Point Blank* and Jacques Tati's *Playtime*, movies were beginning to resemble such purely aural experiences as record albums by the Beatles and Frank Zappa over the same period. They were becoming *environments* to wander about and wallow in—not merely compulsive plots that you had to follow like a donkey with a carrot poised over its head. One was invited to relax and float through the movies, be borne aloft by them—not be dragged through them screaming as through the tortured Fifties rampages of Marlon Brando (*The Wild One*, *On the Waterfront*), James Dean (*East of Eden*, *Rebel Without a Cause*), Elvis Presley (*Jailhouse Rock*) and other assorted prepunks. In terms of both temperament and texture, *Woodstock* was to 1970 what *Blackboard Jungle* was to 1955; and the fact that it was eighty



Earthmen confront the unknown in spacey 2001.



minutes longer said something about the increase of leisure time, and a more general notion of what went with it. It was hardly accidental that the total running time of *Woodstock*, three hours, was the same duration as an average marijuana high.

A prime catalyst in the cultural convergence between dope and movies was religion—a factor which played a more substantial and lasting role in characterizing the popularity of both activities than might first seem apparent. As far as the movies are concerned, the whole notion of cults—from Humphrey Bogart to Maria Montez to *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*—has always had a religious aura about it, complete with accompanying rituals and an overall sense of transcendence. More generally, the meditative and worshipful stance of the normal film spectator, seated in the dark in front of a large and radiant screen, has always been an implicit part of the moviegoing experience—and one that drugs has helped to make a good deal more explicit.

The use of grass as an aid to religious worship and meditation in certain Indian and African sects, like the use of peyote among certain Native American sects in the Southwest and Mexico, certainly had an effect on the overall use of these drugs by middle-class kids of diverse backgrounds in the freewheeling '60s. And the impact of an awe-inspiring spectacle like *2001* wasn't merely a matter of the film's religious and mysti-

cal aspects—including the fact that it reduced dialogue to a minimum and used music centrally—but also the fact that hallucinogenic drugs put one in a frame of mind that helped to enhance and extend those aspects.

In more ways than one, *The Movie as Trip* profoundly altered the social trappings and atmosphere of filmgoing as well as the more purely formal and aesthetic elements of the experience. Monster hits of the past like *Gone With the Wind*, *Casablanca* and *Peyton Place* had clearly defined heroes to identify with and secondary characters to relate to. In contrast to these emblematic successes of the '30s, '40s and '50s, which were quintessentially communal experiences—movies for and about communities—the no less emblematic *2001* of the '60s and *Apocalypse Now* of the '70s made each spectator into the hero of a new kind of drama, which was staged inside someone's head.

Travelling down the river in *Apocalypse Now* was a little bit like taking a ride in Disneyland or Disney World—remaining passive and mesmerized while a parade of marvels and surprises glided past you. Whatever was happening was happening to you, the spectator; first of all, the character of special agent Benjamin L. Willard (Martin Sheen) only secondarily; and the drugged-out ambience of the trip as a whole—derived in large part from Michael Herr's remarkable evocations of pot-drenched Vietnam combat experiences in *Dis-*

*patches*—made the surreal fantasy element that much stronger.

To a certain extent, more recent blockbusters like *Star Wars*, *The Empire Strikes Back*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* reflect some of this same amusement-park tendency. Luke Skywalker (Mark Hamill) and Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford) may be more solidly defined as heroes than Captain Willard in *Apocalypse Now*, but their presences in these movies are still less crucial than the presences of, say, Rhett Butler (Clark Gable) or Scarlet O'Hara (Vivien Leigh) in *Gone With the Wind*, or Rick (Humphrey Bogart) in *Casablanca*. Deliberately modeled after their pulp predecessors in Saturday matinee serials, Luke and Indiana are chiefly vessels for our own adventures—fighting intergalactic star wars, fleeing by foot or by railway car through menacing caves. Even when we get some unexpected information about Luke's ancestry in *The Empire Strikes Back*, the revelation has less to do with our overall sense of Mark Hamill than it has to do with our own state of mind and sense of identity.

This transition between head styles and film styles had something to do with dope, but was affected still more by the implicit social philosophies of the respective periods—which also helped to determine how dope was smoked. What began in the '60s as an

*/ continued on page 58*







# *Budding Prospects*



# The Secret World of Nightmares



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*Startling  
new research  
into our  
subconscious  
horror movies  
by Ernest Hartmann*

From *The Nightmare: The Psychology  
and Biology of Terrifying Dreams* by  
Ernest Hartmann. © 1984 by Ernest  
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**A**rt created out of dreamlike drug experiences is well known—among the more notorious examples: Kubla Khan by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Arthur Rimbaud's Illuminations and much of Edgar Allan Poe's work. But did you know that The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Frankenstein and Dracula are nightmare-inspired novels? According to new research, nightmares influence creativity, and nightmare sufferers have a tendency to gravitate toward the arts.

Among the most prominent researchers is Ernest Hartmann, a sleep specialist and professor of psychiatry at Tufts University School of Medicine. Dr. Hartmann has devoted the past few years to a series of studies on nightmares and the characteristics of people who have them. According to Hartmann: "One important aspect of what makes a person an artist is having a psychological makeup of thin boundaries, which includes the ability to experience one's own inner life in a very direct fashion, and (sometimes an unwanted ability) to experience the world more directly, more painfully than others."

The following excerpt is taken from Chapter Six of Dr. Hartmann's recently published *The Nightmare* (Basic Books, New York, \$18.95). This section, titled "Nightmares and Boundaries in the Mind," describes the different mind boundaries and how nightmare sufferers establish those boundaries differently than do other people. —Ed.

## Types of Boundaries

**Waking versus Sleep.** This is one of the simpler uses of the term since we tend to divide our lives into waking versus sleep, and there is for most of us a clear boundary between them; we are either in one state or the other. However, for the nightmare subjects, boundaries are less firm even in this simple sense. Many of us sometimes spend a few seconds or even minutes not quite certain if we are awake, but among the nightmare subjects, this indeterminate period often lasted half an hour or an hour, or longer. Especially after a vivid dream, not necessarily a nightmare, they were often unsure whether they were awake or asleep for a considerable amount of time.

**Waking versus Dreaming.** Most people wake up from a dream and know they are clearly awake. The nightmare subjects—more than half of them—report sometimes waking from a dream into another dream. They are having a dream—perhaps a nightmare;

they wake up; or rather they have the experience of waking up, apparently getting out of bed, doing something else, and then notice that they are still in a dream and that they have to wake up again. In other words, they have dreams within dreams.

**Waking Reality versus Dream Reality.** Many people do not remember dreams clearly and remember them as a bit vague, indistinct, and different from waking perception. Even those who dream clearly and consider them important nonetheless place a kind of boundary around them—"It was powerful, but it was just a dream." Dreams are kept separate from waking reality, and there is an emphasis made of their difference from waking reality. The nightmare subjects in many cases describe all their dreams, not just their nightmares, as "extremely real," "just as real as waking."

**Fantasy versus Reality: Daydreams.** Most people have daydreams to a varying extent, but these are usually very much under the person's control. Frequently our daydreams are simple, undisguised wish fulfillments—we're rich, we're famous, we're making love to our favorite movie stars. We daydream of things the way we would like them to be, but we are aware it's "only a daydream." The nightmare subjects, much more than most of us, get lost and caught up in their daydreams to such a degree that sometimes they are not sure whether the daydreams are real or not. And related to this, the daydreams sometimes run away with them, go out of control, and turn into "daymares." When I asked the ordinary dreamers or vivid dreamers whether they had "daymares," they said without exception either, "No," or more frequently, "I don't know what you mean." The nightmare sufferers always knew what I meant and some of them described vivid "daymares."

**Play versus Reality.** Children differ a great deal in the degree to which they get caught up in play, lose themselves in play, and have trouble coming out of it into ordinary reality. Among adults, too, some completely "lose themselves" in a book or a piece of music much more than others. The subjects with frequent nightmares were definitely at the high end of the continuum on this measure of "losing oneself in play" and had been that way as children, too. This characteristic or ability is obviously found in other groups, especially creative people.

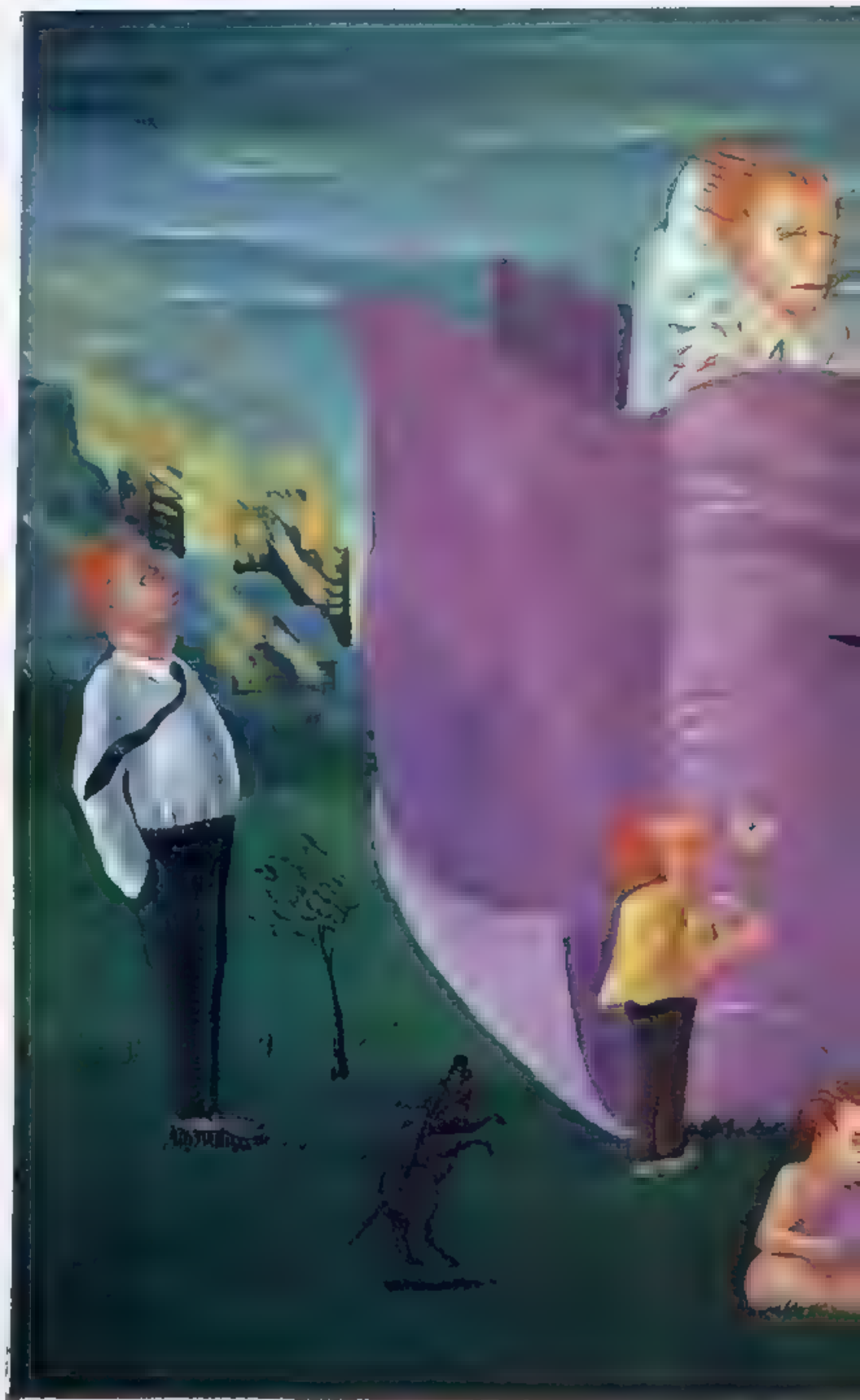


**Interpersonal Boundaries.** We differ greatly in the extent to which we are willing to open up, share with others, share secrets with friends, fall in love, and, in general, let others into our lives. The nightmare sufferers were extremely open and tended to let others in and to merge with others very easily. This was clear in their relationships where often they rapidly became intimate and very involved and sometimes found themselves enmeshed in disturbing relationships from which they had problems extricating themselves.

In interviews, the nightmare subjects were unusually open and unguarded in many senses. Within five or ten minutes into an interview, they were telling me intimate family problems, sexual problems, interpersonal problems. They pulled skeletons out of the closet in answering open-ended questions such as "What was your childhood like?" or "What important things have happened to you in the last few years?" There were a few exceptions that occurred among the two or three subjects who had paranoid features; but in these, I felt a tendency to openness, too—they would begin to open up and share a lot, and then become suspicious and "clam up." Those were the ones who had learned that it can be painful or dangerous to be too open or trusting; they suddenly and somewhat clumsily erected a wall. There was not the usual sense of modulated defense or guardedness, gradually decreasing as an interview progresses. These interpersonal boundaries form much of what Kurt Lewin (1936) meant by "topological boundaries" around the self.

Another related aspect is the boundary around one's family, a group of friends, one's own neighborhood group or ethnic group. Without thinking about it, most of us tend to share information and to be open with certain people, to be less open with others, to be much more guarded with strangers. The nightmare sufferers made little use of this sort of group boundary. They seldom saw themselves as firmly part of a group; they were "liberal" with their friendship and made little distinction between members of their group or neighborhood and others. The nightmare sufferers were not people who placed great emphasis on their being part of an ethnic or national group.

*(continued on page 72)*





**Illustration by Mark Strathy**

# GETTING HIGH WITHOUT SMOKIN'

## Feed your head, leave your lungs alone

by Ed Rosenthal

Dear Ed,

I have been smoking pot for the last 15 years. Recently my doctor told me that I had to quit smoking. My

throat and lungs are constantly irritated. My problem is I love getting high.

Can you tell me different ways I can still get stoned on weed without smoking? I have eaten hash on a couple of occasions and also have tried brownies. The problem

was that it took quite a while to get off and I got very, very messed up.

I like to smoke about two to three joints every day so, if I do get high other ways than smoking, it would still be great if I could get that immediate rush from smoking and also

maintain a relatively light high.

Would it be harmful to eat dope every day or get high some other way?

—Steven V.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

There is no way that I know of to get the rush or fast high that one does from smoking pot. However, eating pot can be very pleasant. About  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{3}{8}$  gram of leaf per 50 pounds bodyweight provides the user with a nice high. For bud, much less material is required.

There are many recipes for using pot. Some of them call for making an extract either in alcohol or in butter/oil. In other recipes the pot is ground up and eaten. In either case, the effect is likely to come on within an hour on a fairly empty stomach.

Some smokers find that when they eat pot, they get the immediate high smoking half or less of the usual amount.

One problem associated with eating pot is calorie intake. Instead of putting the material in dessert foods, some gourmets add it to main dishes. One innovative group concentrated the pot a bit, added an olive oil base and then capsuled the material for easy consumption.

A waterpipe may be a good compromise. The irritants are mostly water soluble. They can be filtered out of the smoke stream using an efficient water pipe. This allows the THC to pass through, since it is oil/alcohol soluble.

Dear Ed,

I'd like to start a small indoor garden using fluorescents. What kind do you recommend?

Also, R.C. Clarke stated in an article that packing buds in a nitrogen atmosphere will preserve their potency. Can CO<sub>2</sub> be used instead? I'd like to make use of my tank.

—PC in Pa.

A combination of cool white and warm white fluorescents. Deluxe cool or warm whites have a little more red spectrum and may be a little more effective.

CO<sub>2</sub> is inert and won't affect the buds. It can be used in place of nitrogen.



### ● Plant of the Month:

Here's a photo of a special bud, a Thai-mix of quite regal parentage.

—Veronica of Westchester

Dear Ed,

I found that a birth control pill to every gallon of water really perks up my plants. They seem to grow a foot overnight and thus works right on through harvest. When the plants are budding and you give them a dose, the buds get larger, full and unbelievably high.

I've grown two plants cloned from the same plant under identical conditions except for the use of the pills. In five gallon pots the control grew to seven feet, but the treated plant grew 20 feet in seven months. The treated plant's smoke was #1 on large buds while the control had smaller buds and the smoke was neither as intense or tasty.

—Ziggy

Tampa, Fla.

Thanks for the report, Ziggy. My only concern regarding use of birth control pills is whether residues of the chemicals remain in the plants and are eventually either inhaled or ingested. Is there a doctor or chemist out there who can check it out for us?

Dear Ed,

In the October issue you wrote, "actually, the plant probably produces



### ● Garden of the Month:

Here is a photo of my garden on my Dutch balcony. It was grown in public view and is strong indeed. Stronger than any of the Colombian or Nigerian marijuana you can buy in the hash shops we have in Holland.

—Jan Jansen

Den Haag, The Netherlands



resin and THC to protect the immature seed from predation by birds, insects, mammals and other pests."

Recently I harvested my two beauties. Both had the same genetic background. One grew in a dry, 95-degree environment and the other in a 75-degree humid environment. The result: the plant in the hot, dry environment produced much more resin than the other. Obviously the plants produce the resin to protect the plant from drying out.

—S.D.

Greenville, N.C.

Has anyone else done temperature or humidity and resin experiments? Let's hear your results.

Dear Ed,

I'd like to take this opportunity to caution cultivators how they raise the pH in their soils. You mentioned that wood ashes are useful as a de-acidifier and also for potassium and trace elements. Be absolutely certain that the source of the ashes is devoid of wood that has been creosoted, pressure-treated or treated with penta-chlorophenyl, and contains no plastics or colored newsprint. These highly toxic chemicals remain in the ashes and are absorbed by the plants. They may ultimately be inhaled if contaminated plants are smoked.

—Primo Tiro,

Fla.

Thanks for your timely and important advice.

Dear Ed,

When you make force plants for them to indicate sex and then put them back into vegetation stage, does this set the plants back or hurt their potency later on?

—Joe

Tenn.

It does set them back about a month. First they are out of growth stage for a week to 10 days until they indicate, and then it takes them another week to ten days to get back into fast growth. A better method of sexing is to take cuttings of the plants and to force them instead. The clones and clone-mothers have the same sex.

Potency does not seem to be affected by early forcing.

Dear Ed,

I have a 400-watt metal halide

in a 5' x 5' gro-room with aluminum reflectored walls. During flowering I changed to a high pressure sodium.

Now that I have both lamps, I am thinking, why not run both lamps all the time? Any advice?

—A Michigan Hippie

The plants could probably use the extra light as long as their metabolism is not slowed down by lack of CO<sub>2</sub>.

Dear Ed,

In a recent column you featured a Bud of the Month that had been harvested and then cured in a CO<sub>2</sub> environment. Does this increase the potency of the bud?

This fall was our first Vermont crop. We harvested 19 6½-foot beauties which produced little buds and a multitude of shake leaf. Between germination (mid-May) and harvesting (mid-September) they were transplanted three times. Did the transplanting process shock the plant, inhibiting growth, or did we just seed them too late?

—Wasted William

Burlington, Vt.

Drying or curing buds in a CO<sub>2</sub> environment does not affect their potency or taste. Tank CO<sub>2</sub> is inert and dry.

Transplanting often inhibits growth a little, but it usually does not delay maturation. The buds may have lost a little weight from the transplanting, but it is more likely that budding was cut short by the short season and cold nights which encourage ripening.

Dear Ed,

My friend and I were discussing growing and he claimed that, if you want sticky purple buds, all you have to do is add red food coloring and molasses to the water during the flowering period. He said that the food coloring makes the plant purple, and the molasses holds in the THC and makes it sticky. Do you think that people should add a solution like this to the water to make their buds purple and sticky?

—D.D.

Fremont, Cal.

No. Plants absorb nutrients only as simple salts, not as complex organic compounds. The sugars in molasses would never pass from the soil into the roots. The food coloring experiment has been tried any number of

times. It, too, does not work because the pigments and coloring molecules are too complex and too large to pass through the root system. I cannot continue answering this question now. I have to eat some chicken wings so that I will be able to fly.

Dear Ed,

I have a halide light in an attic room. The temperature in the room ranges from a nighttime low of 60 degrees to a daytime high of 115 degrees.  
/ continued on page 67



#### ● Bud of the Month:

Here's a photo of a special plant, of the Tuna variety. They are heavy smellers and have an excellent taste, unusual for large buds.

—Pat-J—Hi

Captain Cook, Haw.

By submitting your photograph(s), you hereby grant permission to publisher to reprint the photograph(s) in HIGH TIMES magazine as well as any other Trans-High Corporation publications.



## DOPE

/ continued from page 49

almost tribally shared collective experience—being doped at the movies—passed through the Me Generation of the late '70s to become the more private and individualized practice it represents today. The recent growth of home video systems has moved enough of the movie action out of the theaters and into the homes to change the social profile of moviegoing as a whole.

Seeing a movie like *Yellow Submarine*—a feature-length cartoon set to Beatles songs—in 1968, in any large U.S. city that tolerated taking in its theaters, you virtually had a guarantee of getting at least a buzz whether you brought along joints or not. The air would be so thick with smoke that you could walk through sample whiffs of various grades and strengths on the way to your seat, getting slightly glazed on the way in. Because it was more fashionable back then to share smoke with strangers, roaches were more prone to be passed down the aisles, creating almost a kind of spider's web of complicity between the different people in the audience, as well as between them and the events on the screen.

Some of this spirit has been preserved, up to a point, at midnight screenings today; and one still encounters some of the old aromas at a few second-run

grind houses. But, by and large, grass-smoking has returned to the living room, bedroom and bathroom, where it first took hold in the '60s before the pastime became public. And this return to relative privacy—a high to be shared with friends, perhaps, but not usually with strangers—is reflected in the more insular and insulated pop movies coming out today. When love-ins, sit-downs and other mass demonstrations began to be replaced by the more solitary challenges of jogging and video games, the movies that partially catered to such impulses subtly changed as well.

Even a Hollywood veteran like Otto Preminger was moved to experiment with the drug in his early sixties before embarking on his bizarre, counter-culture drug musical *Skidoo!* (1969). As Preminger explained in his subsequent interviews, Andy Warhol was his guide, and he attempted to reproduce some of his own hallucinations in the movie, while the hero (Jackie Gleason) unwittingly drops some acid. Paul Krassner has described in these pages how he guided another star in the movie, Groucho Marx (then in his late seventies), through a trip around the same time. *Skidoo!* remains a fascinating (if garish) period piece, and if its acid trip is ultimately as unconvincing as those in the other movies, this is no doubt because they all foundered on self-conscious abstractions, a reaching out for effect, rather than sticking to more familiar techniques. As a perceptive tea-

head and critic once pointed out to me, nothing could be more trippy in a spiritual sense than John Ford just being John Ford.

Movies that dealt explicitly with pot included *I Love You, Alice B. Toklas* (1968), *Taking Off* (1971), *Dealing* and *Cisco Pike* (both 1968), as well as such treatments of campus revolt as *Getting Straight*, *The Strawberry Statement*, and *Zabriskie Point* (all 1970). By the '70s, however, grass was so firmly entrenched in American middle-class life that it was all over the place, in all kinds of movies—even cropping up anachronistically in some films that dealt with earlier periods, like *M\*A\*S\*H* (1970), set in the early '50s during the Korean War.

*M\*A\*S\*H* was the first major success of director Robert Altman, a key figure in this discussion. If his films of the early '70s reveal the overall impact of dope on movie consciousness, this is because they reflect so many of the stylistic changes reflected above, at the same time that they frequently allude to drugs in their plots. In fact, such Altman movies as *M\*A\*S\*H*, *Brewster McCloud*, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, *The Long Goodbye* and *Nashville* represent an interesting halfway house between the softer dope influence of the '60s and the harder edge it would take on in the later '70s.

The experimental use of overlapping dialogue and offbeat musical accompaniments and narrations (such as the Leonard Cohen songs in *McCabe*, the



Pot-crazed killers in *Reefer Madness*.



Silly surrealism in Beatles' *Yellow Submarine*.

bird lecture in *McCloud*, and the multiple versions of the title tune in *The Long Goodbye*) created a dense narrative texture that made each spectator hear and understand a slightly different movie. Stylistically, these movies were all spaced-out experiences which presented both bright communal activities (from army pranks to patriotic rallies to frontier-town gossip to hash brownies to country music song-fests) and lonely, deranged individuals who stood outside these mystiques and pursued dreary head-trips of their own. As a spectator, one was usually invited to identify partially with *both* of these positions—the local prattle about whorehouse owner John McCabe (Warren Beatty) and his legendary prowess with a gun, *and* the tongue-tied awkwardness and inexperience of McCabe himself—making the overall experience rather schizophrenic.

Compare 2010 to 2001, *Cotton Club* to *Singin' in the Rain*, *Dune* to *Forbidden Planet*, *Eraserhead* to *Woodstock* (or, much further back, *Freaks*). In each case, the social context becomes narrower while the individual head-trip looms larger. Taking the movie home with you on disc or tape only helps to protect its status as your own experience—to be seen on your own screen, with your own finger at the controls. Being able to freeze-frame, reverse or fast-forward makes your relationship to the movie somewhat more fetishistic and pornographic. Whether your focus

is on a body, a dramatic moment or a special effect, the fact that you have the power to control the sound and image gives you a different sort of power relationship with the movie itself—as well as with the people around you.

If the dope that helped to socialize movies like *Yellow Submarine* also served to make a harder-edged cartoon feature like *Heavy Metal*, no less a head movie, seem even more private and obsessional—like an individual copy of *Soldier of Fortune*, or an s/m science fiction novel by Alfred Bester—this only helps to demystify the '60s fantasy that passing a joint was a way of spreading the Revolution. Even back in the '60s, of course, drug experiences could be, and often were, excruciatingly personal and private, just as certain drug-related movies of the '80s—notably Cheech and Chong's dope comedies—are essentially communal. The difference is mainly one of shared cultural models, as reflected in the media and other signs of changing political preferences. From *A Hard Day's Night* to *Saturday Night Fever* to *Flashdance*, the movement is from the group (or the group-grope) to individual fulfillment. In Reagan America, pot-smoking is more often associated with activities that ultimately strengthen the home; during the reigns of Johnson and Nixon, it was associated more often with bringing life to the street—or into the auditorium.

The influence of dope on movies can be seen in content as well as in style and

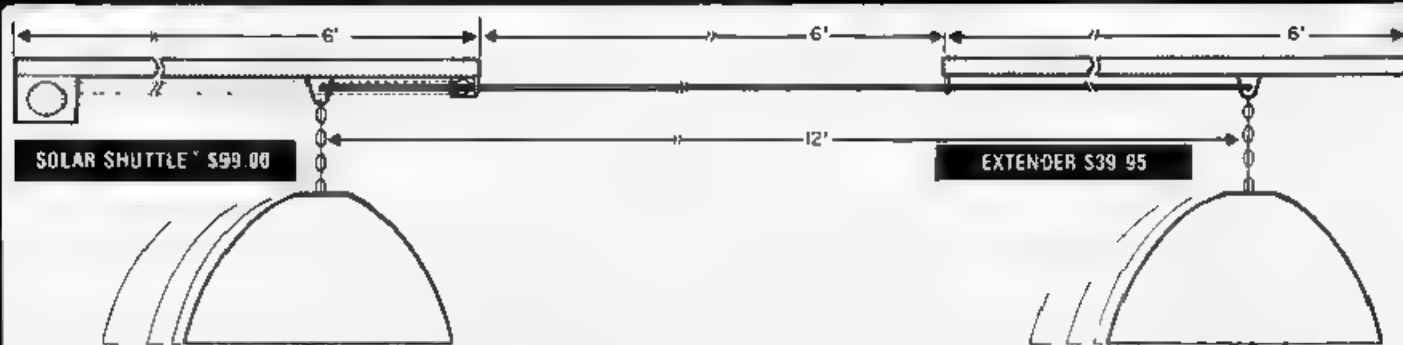
form, especially in the explicit treatment of drugs and drug experiences in movies of the '60s and '70s. Acid trips were depicted—or at least represented—in films as diverse as Roger Corman's *The Trip* (1967), Dennis Hopper's *Easy Rider* (1969), and Claude Chabrol's *La Rupture* (1970). While purists at the time complained that the rendering of such trips were little more than a pretext for a director to show off razzle-dazzle techniques—a charge that was lodged more recently against Ken Russell and Paddy Chayevsky's *Altered States* (1980)—it was still an interesting sign of the times that some (if not all) of the directors involved tried LSD themselves before attempting to render its effects on screen.

Drifting through these multiple options, one navigated one's way through Altman's languid zooms and uncentered camera movements like a dooper gliding through different trains of thought, comically stumbling (like many of the characters) through hallucinatory environments where nothing was ever the way one assumed it to be. As pot movie consciousness gradually altered the style of mainstream movies—to be dissipated, like reefer smoke, into part of the general consensus—these movies staked out a privileged position to the degree that they charted which ways the wind was blowing. Transitional head movies, they showed both where dope and movies had been, and where they were going. □

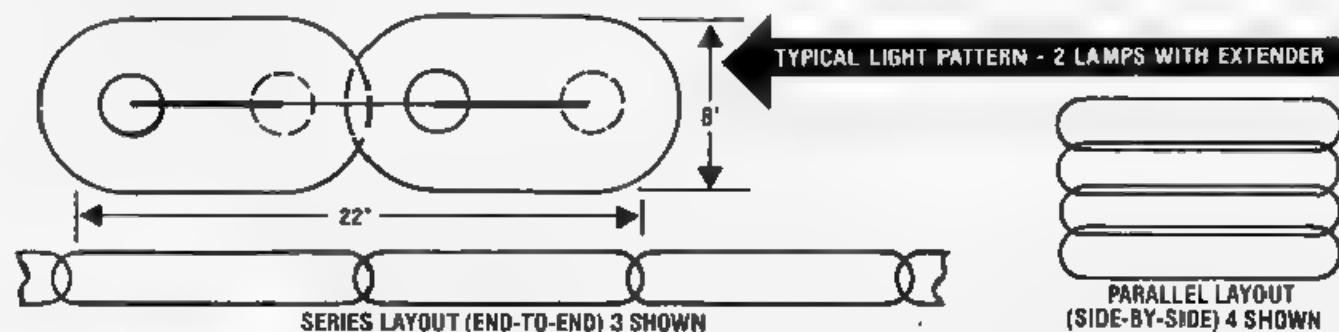


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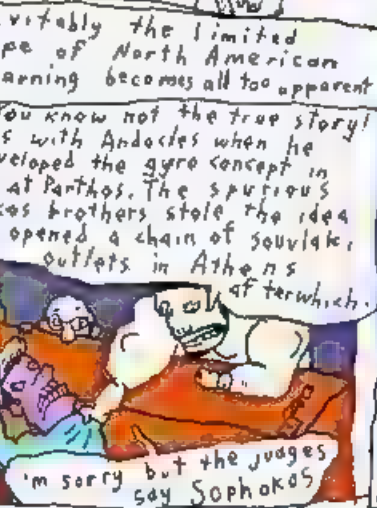
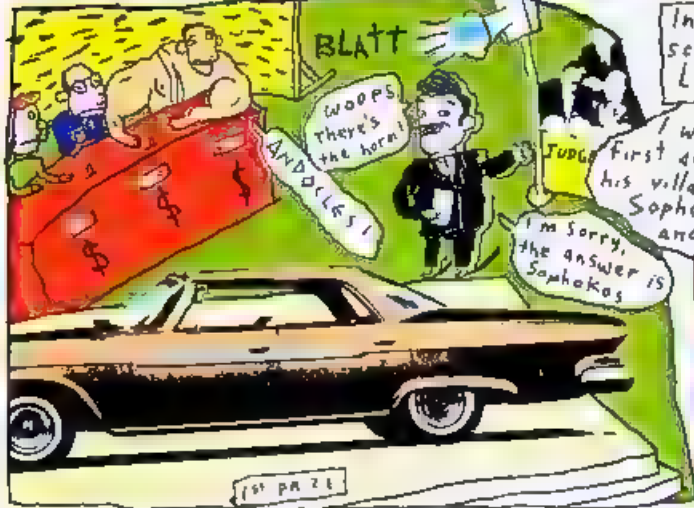
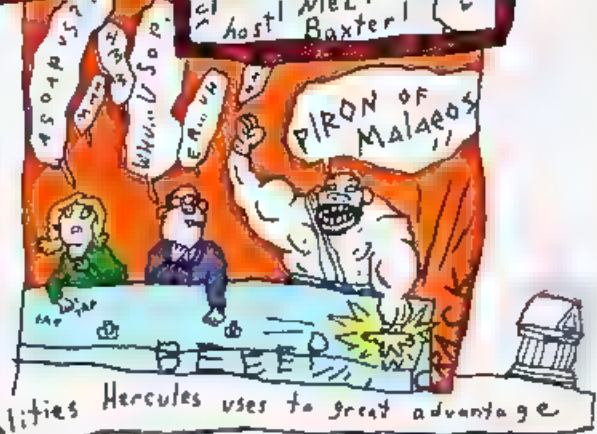
...from Van Nyes, Michigan, a young housewife with four children, Myra Coolidge...

...from Dolwart, Ohio, a successful businessman with a lovely wife and daughter, Joe Peters...

...and hailing from the island of Peloponnisas, greek demigod, Hercules!



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# POPULAR PROBLEMS

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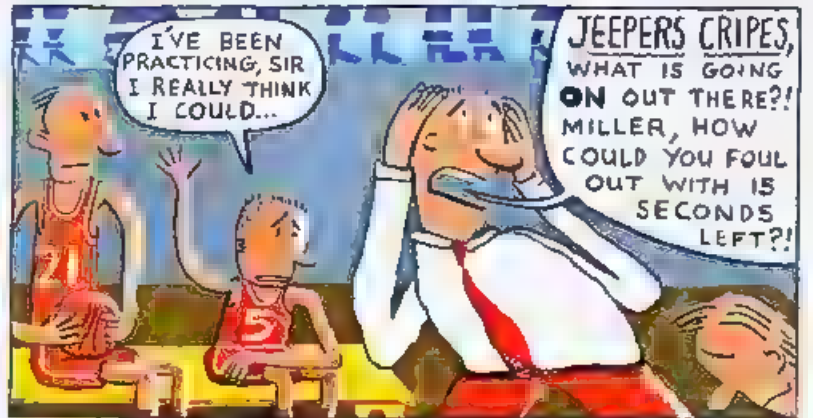
COACH, THIS IS THE LAST MINUTE OF THE WHOLE SEASON. CAN'T YOU PUT ME IN FOR A FEW SECONDS?

WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT AFTER THE GAME, O.K. ARGO?



I'VE BEEN PRACTICING, SIR I REALLY THINK I COULD...

JEEPERS CRIPES, WHAT IS GOING ON OUT THERE?! MILLER, HOW COULD YOU FOUL OUT WITH 15 SECONDS LEFT?!



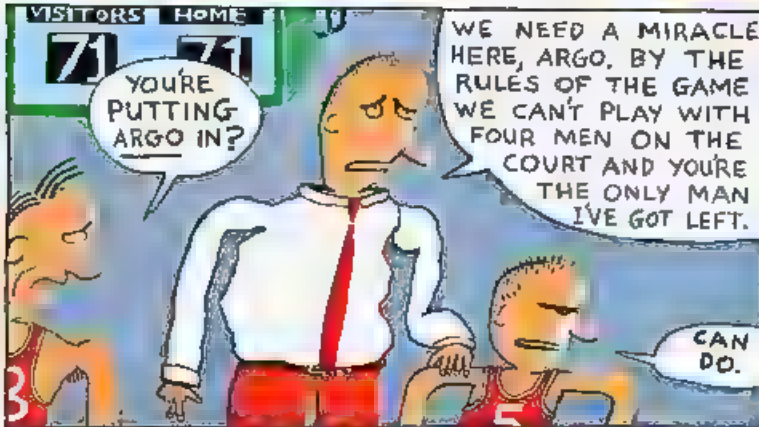
VISITORS HOME

71 71

YOU'RE PUTTING ARGO IN?

WE NEED A MIRACLE HERE, ARGO. BY THE RULES OF THE GAME WE CAN'T PLAY WITH FOUR MEN ON THE COURT AND YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN I'VE GOT LEFT.

CAN DO.



ARGO, WAIT, COME BACK!! WE GOT OUR MIRACLE!!!

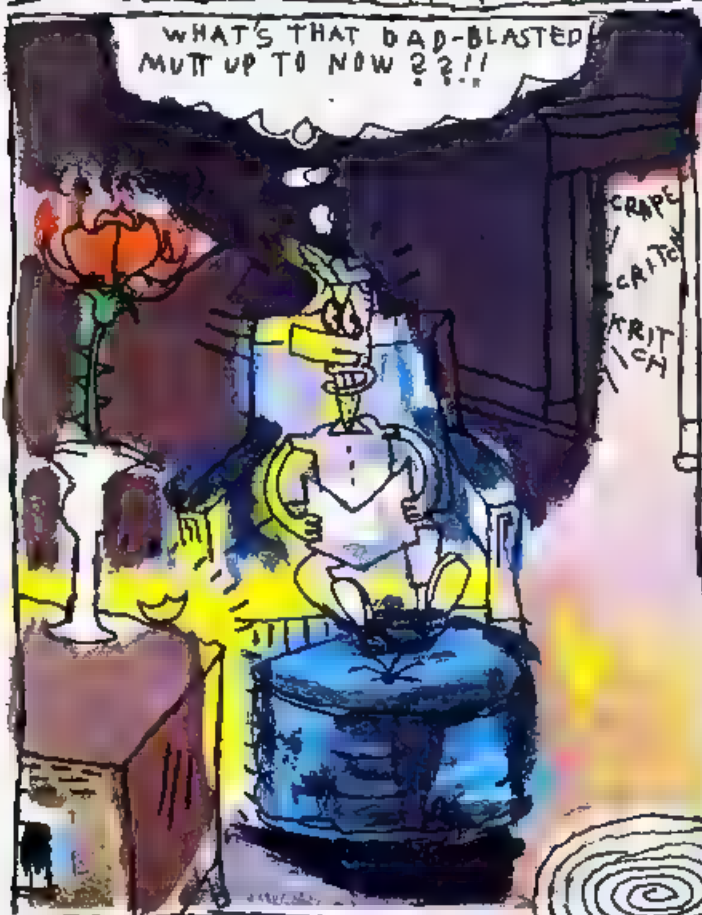


## HENRY HEARS A POOH!

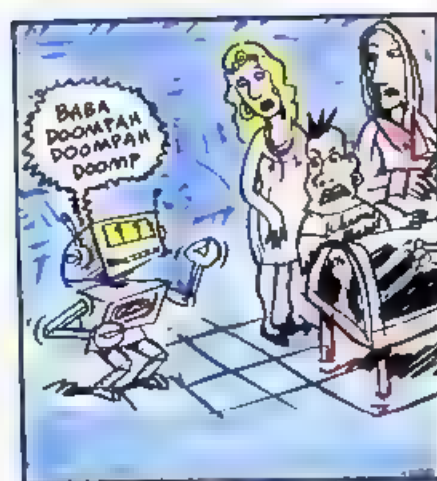
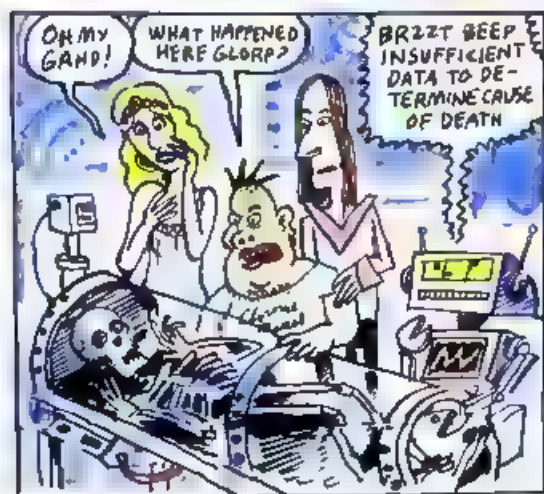
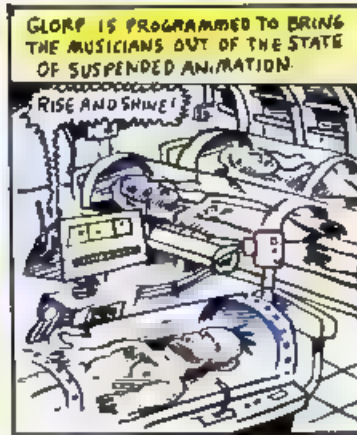
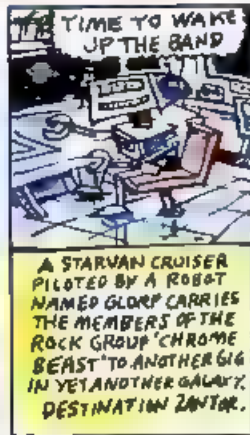
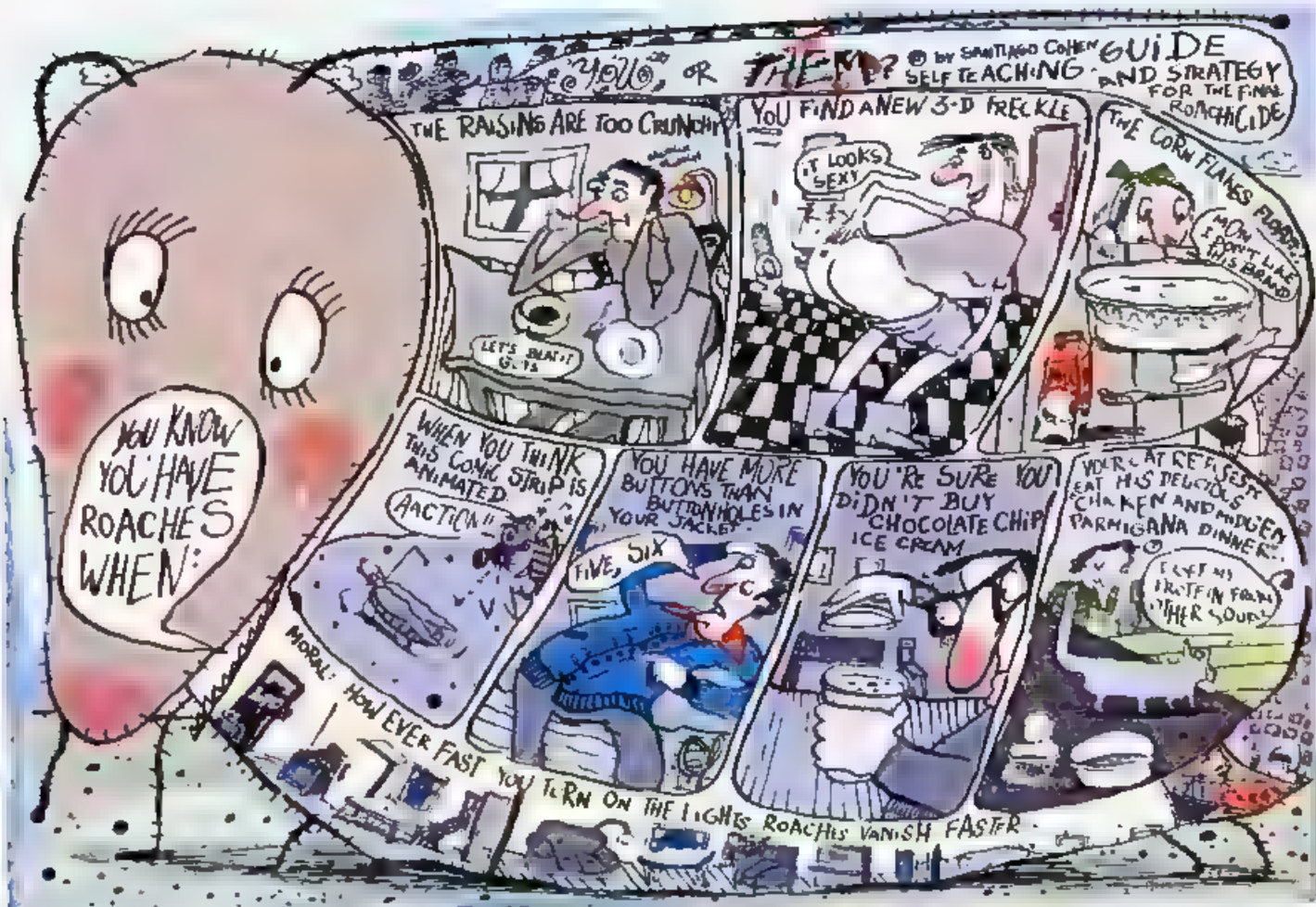
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## HAWAII VS THE

Hello, my name is Jeffery Demarco, President and Founder of PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES

My masters thesis is on the cannabinoid profile of marijuana. I tell you this for historical foot note only

In pursuit of my own masters thesis, I generated the most extensive popular literature library in the world. Then, I generated the most extensive scientific bibliography in the world. I then went into a laboratory under Federal license at a major university in which I designed a laboratory grade growth chamber called the PHOTOTRON

If you read all of the popular literature I did. All of the scientific literature I did. And look at every apparatus that is in High Times, you will find one common denominator. Every system, UP TILL NOW, has attempted to re-create Hawaii. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do NO BETTER than Hawaii's results. AND WHAT ARE HAWAII'S RESULTS?

In fact you will grow the plant 6 to 9 months, 6 to 12 feet tall. In fact you will average a 6 inch internodal length (distance between budding sites). In fact have a 10% budding ratio at the tops of the plant. In fact throw away 90% of the plant material (leaves/shake). And in fact YOU MUST START ALL OVER AGAIN

Look. The only thing I'm waiting nine months for is a baby, number one. Number two, I do not want a tree in my house. And number three, I am not going to pay the ELECTRIC BILL TO PRODUCE THE SUN somewhere in my closet. Do not let its pretty looks fool you. Do not let its size (3 1/2 feet tall x 18 inches wide) fool you. Do not let its weight at 17 lbs fool you

The PHOTOTRON will draw \$4.00 per month in electricity (average). My system is totally different.

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# Ask Ed

/ continued from page 57

grees. Will such a heat difference have an adverse effect on my plants?

Also, I prune my plants all through the growing cycle, smoking the large fan leaves. Will this cause any difference in the size of the buds?

—G.O.E.

Michigan

The wide range of temperature certainly does not help the plants. They grow best when the temperature ranges between 70 and 85 degrees during the light cycle and 15 to 25 degrees less during dark periods. When their temperature rises above 85 degrees, the plant's rate of photosynthesis drops as the plant's transpiration rate rises to protect it from the heat. At night, the plant continues many of its processes. It builds and repairs, using the sugars created during the light cycle. When the temperatures go below 55 degrees the plant's rate of activity slows considerably.

Bud size is a result of the interaction of genetics and environment. The plant uses the sugars created in the leaves in order to build more tissue. When the leaves are removed, the source of this material is lost to the plant and its rate of growth is lowered and, subsequently, its total growth is restricted.

*Inside Drug Law* is an independent publication for drug-law professionals. It is published 10 times a year and features cutting-edge articles of pertinence. The subscription rate is \$175 a year. That's kind of steep for the casual user but the information is invaluable to professionals. The journal is published by Vanguard Information Publications, P.O. Box 667, Chapel Hill, NC 27514. Steven Bernholz, an activist lawyer, is the culprit behind this educational publication.

Ed welcomes tips, comments and questions about marijuana. Also send in photos to the Bud, Plant and Garden of the Month contest. All photo winners and correspondents whose comments or questions are used in the column will receive a free copy of *Marijuana Growers Handbook*, Indoor-Greenhouse Edition.

As featured in March HIGH TIMES Grow American column

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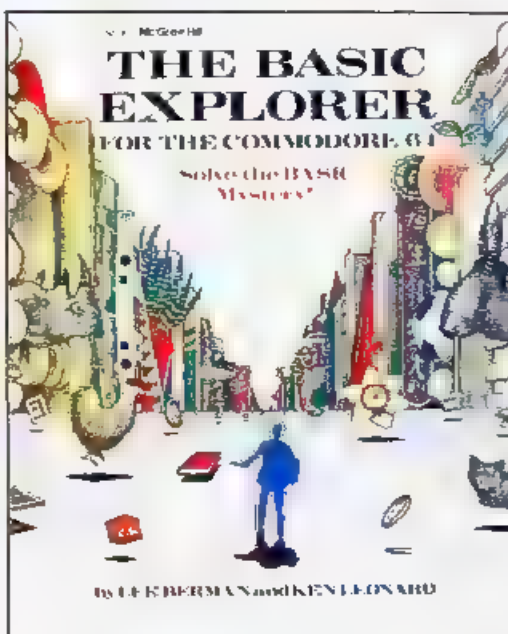
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Even with the high tech era running full-throttle, computers remain a mystery to many of us. Now comes a book that can help solve the mystery of at least one home computer. **THE BASIC EXPLORER** (Osborne/McGraw-Hill, \$11.95) is a guidebook for the Commodore 64 computer. What makes this book fun is that it treats the operation of the Commodore 64 like a *real* mystery. Three computer "explorers" lead the reader into a world of danger and intrigue, a world in which the reader's growing programming skills become the key to the book's mystery. By the end of *The Basic Explorer*, the reader will not only know how to program the Commodore 64, he'll also have had the fun of reading an exciting mystery novel. That's a combination that should make the Commodore 64 accessible even to the most die-hard high tech paranoids among us.



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/ continued from page 6

pot scheme I'll have you know that I've discussed this idea with both a chemist and a biologist. They are of the opinion that since psilocybin is not a protein it would admittedly not be easy, but nevertheless feasible. Psilocybin is produced in every cell of the psilocybin mushrooms. This makes such an in vitro marriage more likely than, say, marijuana and tomatoes, as THC is produced by specialized tissue differentiated by the hemp plant. There are more pleasant combinations that might be imagined than tomatoes, but tomatoes can be cloned from single cells more readily than most plants. Such a feature is necessary to make this proposal feasible. My advisors did suggest, however, that the easiest route might be to alter simple baker's yeast to produce psilocybin. Grown easily under nonsterile conditions in kitchens throughout the globe, yeast is a distinct possibility.

This is an idea you might want to assign a writer to for a feature article. Someone, somewhere, with both the inclination and resources would eventually find out about your article and begin working on making it a reality. Perhaps an enterprising grad student or maybe even a covert government operation will have this idea bear fruit in a few years. Please give this matter some consideration, if only for the sake of entertaining your readers.

Once such a plant appears it'll be everywhere inside of three years. There may be no alternative at that time for the government, other than to legalize certain drugs in the hope of regaining some control over them. It is amusing to think of cops innocently accepting tomato plants for their gardens. . .

—Name withheld  
Albany, N.Y.

*Actually, tomatoes are already pretty lively, if you know what to look for. Tomatoes (and potatoes too) are technically members of the deadly nightshade family—the Solonacae—and believe it or not, their leaves and vines are chock-full of psychotropic belladonna alkaloids: atropine, hyoscyamine and scopolamine. Little kids who chew on them by mistake are always getting buzzed out on them, to the horror of their parents. (It always gets blamed on jimsonweed, for some reason, although there's no more*

*belladonna in jimsonweed than in tomato and potato plants.) In the event anyone were to splice THC-producing genes into tomatoes, therefore, anyone who smoked the resulting clone would probably have a pretty disagreeable trip. It'd probably be more advisable (if it could be done at all) to splice THC genes into hops, which are much more closely related to marijuana, and have no psychotropic properties of their own to complicate the effect. But then what would happen to all the non-drug-abusing beer drinkers of the world?—Ed.*

#### My Turn

Editor:

I want to commend you folks at HIGH TIMES for publishing a great magazine that stands tall against monstrous and increasing fascist-totalitarian efforts to keep recreational drugs out of the hands of responsible adults—all for their own good, of course. The fascist-extremist forces of repression will now all be owed greater license to trample personal rights and ruin lives in the name of Truth, Justice and the American Way, now that President Reagan has been reelected. Every day the noose gets a little tighter, penalties get stiffer, and more power and \$\$\$ riches go to the elite rulers and lawmakers.

I live in Massachusetts, and almost every day the newspaper contains articles about drug busts in our state, especially big cocaine seizures—one guy was caught with seven pounds last week. Well, what I want to know is, with all this cocaine (invariably labeled "absolutely pure, top-quality, etc." by the feds' spokesmen) floating around in our little state, how come the stuff I get always turns out to be such *shit*?

Another thing I want to say is, to all those parents of kids, especially high school kids, who are worried about their offspring getting hooked on the infamous alkaloid, take the rumors with a grain of salt—the "coke" that high school dealers are selling out here couldn't get you hooked (or high, for that matter) if Junior snorted a kilogram of the stuff at lunch break. This poor-quality dope seems to be the stock in trade of most "grown-up" dealers out here, too, although these assholes will always tell you how great their coke is, how much better it is than that of the guy across town, etc.

The cops should start analyzing some of these half-grams and grams they take off kids when they arrest them out here. The cases would get thrown right out of court because, from what I've seen, this shit's about 50 percent cut, 49.5 percent additives, and .5 percent "unknown."

—Peace Geek  
Massachusetts

#### Verbal Highs

Editor:

I read *Outlaws in Babylon* by Steve Chapple on advice from your magazine, and it was good. While looking in the book store for it, however, I found an even better book by a longtime drug smuggling writer who got his biggest break on assignment with *Life* magazine. Jerry Kamstra's *Weed* has to be the best book I've read in years.

—Bob  
Ventura, Cal.

Yep. Thanks for the tip.—Ed.

#### Our Town

Editor:

The place I live in has really got to be one of the craziest I've ever seen. It's located in central West Virginia outside of Charleston. Surrounding my farm are places with names like Chemical City. A game-room called the Twilight Zone has different names like Drugland and/or Drug Zone, as it is commonly referred to by local heads and disgruntled parents. Even the road I live on is called *High Street*. There's also a small combination gameroom/beer-and-wine store named L.B.s and there used to be a Toot and Shoot on the other end of town. It was like a drive-in ice cream shop. I also have friends that live on Front Street and somehow they always end up owing me money. Believe me, I've only scratched the surface. I'm trying to be general but, after all, they call this place the chemical capital of the country, or at least it used to be before Reagan took over. It reeks of its own self-centered capitalistic bureaucraticness. But I shouldn't complain. I could be living in some town where all the streets are named after presidents. Wouldn't that be a trip and a bummer?

—J C  
West Va.

Yeah. We hear you.—Ed.



# The Secret World of Nightmares

*/ continued from page 55*

**Territorial Boundaries ("Turf").** Most people who live in urban settings know that there are certain areas where they can feel safe and walk freely and other places where they have to be careful. There are places where they tend not to go at all, or to be very much on their guard if they do find themselves there. Again, the nightmare subjects did not have this sense of territorial boundary. They were overly trusting; they walked alone in parts of town where most others would fear to tread; they did not "put on their guard" when in potentially dangerous territory. This characteristic may help account for the high incidences of muggings and rapes reported by the nightmare sufferer group.

**Sexual Identity.** Some people have an extremely firm or rigid sense of themselves as male or female: "Men do things this way. Women do things that way. I am a man and I do things the man's way." Others are much more inclined to think of themselves as a mixture of masculine and feminine. The nightmare subjects were clearly in the latter group. Among the many men with nightmares I have interviewed, there was not a single one who came anywhere near the typical macho male image. Among the women there were none who adopted the stereotyped feminine role. Several women in the nightmare group reported they often had dreams in which they were men; this did not occur in the other groups.

**Sexual Preference.** Most people draw a very firm boundary line around their sexual preferences. They are heterosexual and do not allow themselves the least hint of homosexual behavior or even homosexual fantasy or thought. Some homosexuals are equally strict about their preference. The nightmare subjects were much less strict. A few were actively homosexual, most were heterosexual, but several had had sexual relations with both sexes and most experienced fantasies or thoughts about sexual relations with both sexes.

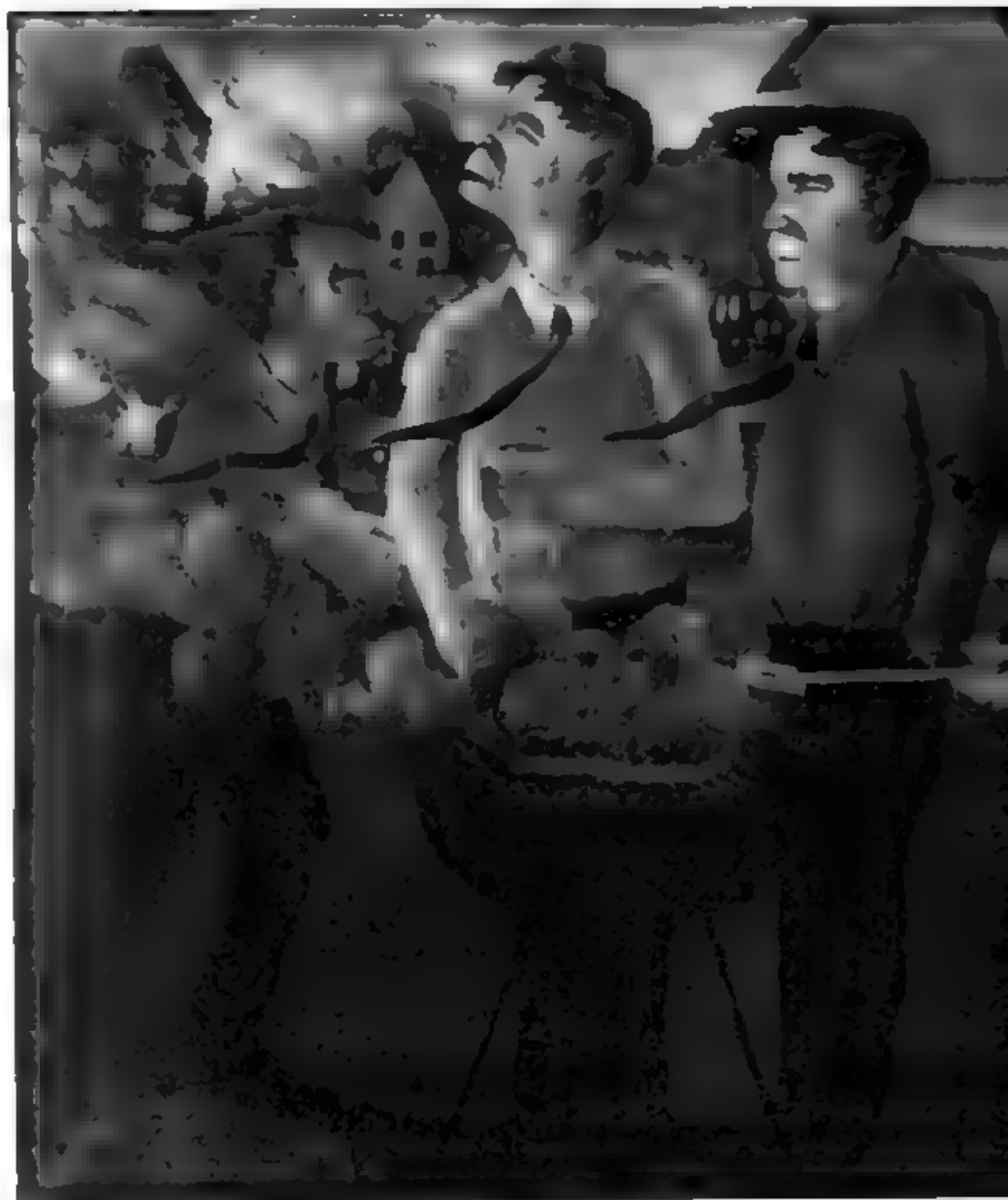
**Adult versus Child.** Some persons maintain this kind of boundary with great rigidity. "I was a child. Now I am grown up. Certain things are appropriate for children. Other things are appropriate for adults, and that's it." Again, there is a great variation in the extent to which people maintain this "generational" boundary, but the nightmare sufferers were definitely on the

side of fluid boundaries. Many of them, although young adults, thought of themselves in some ways as children. They spoke with pride of not having lost their childhood wonder and naivete, which they felt most adults had lost. Several were acutely aware of the loss of wonder and magic involved in no longer being a child and seemed to be fighting against it.

**Human versus Animal and Animate versus Inanimate.** Most people maintain very strict boundaries between these categories. Again, the nightmare subjects seemed to be more flexible or loose in this way, at least in their dreams and fantasies. Several reported dreams in which they were dogs or other animals. One reported a dream

in which she was a butterfly; one reported being a leaf floating in the wind. These sorts of images sometimes occurred in their daydreams as well. Most people may be capable of this sort of fantasy; for instance, creative writing teachers (who presumably can do it themselves) sometimes assign themes in which the student is supposed to imagine himself to be a dog or a butterfly. For many people this is not an easy task and for some with rigid boundaries the task may be impossible. The nightmare subjects have no trouble with such an assignment; they find it easy and enjoyable.

**Body Surface.** Most of us think of our bodies as a whole. In our dreams and daydreams, as well as in our thoughts,



our bodies are intact. The body surface—our skin—is an important boundary. For many it is not only painful but actually difficult to imagine their body torn, or to imagine isolated fragments of a body. The nightmare sufferers in their nightmares, in their other dreams, in their daydreams, and in Rorschach tests, saw their own bodies and other bodies as torn, broken, or penetrated. A frequent nightmare theme involved being cut, or stabbed, or something of the kind. Pieces of flesh, or whole arms, legs and lips were described as cut off.

**Self in the World.** Along related lines, there is the background sense most people have of being a solid self in a solid world. This sense was less firm in the nightmare subjects, who experienced episodes of depersonalization—not quite feeling themselves, not knowing who they were, not feeling their body was their own—and derealiza-

tion—not being sure the world was real, not feeling it was solid. Again, there was a continuum: many people have such experiences occasionally, especially with the assistance of alcohol or marijuana, but many of the nightmare subjects appeared to have these experiences relatively often and without chemical help.

**Memory.** Most of us maintain a more or less clear boundary around our memories. We make our way through the world dividing it smoothly into familiar places—"Yes, I've been here before"—and unfamiliar, new places; likewise, people we know and people we don't know, familiar and unfamiliar faces. Once in a long while, we are struck by an odd experience such as *déjà vu*, in which we feel certain we have been here before, although we know we haven't; or *jamais vu*, in which a place we knew well suddenly seems unfamiliar. The nightmare subjects had frequent episodes of *déjà vu* and *jamais vu*. For some of them, these experiences were not just isolated instances; they did not appear to have the usual reassuring division of the world into "familiar" and "unfamiliar."

There is another kind of memory boundary. The average person remembers almost nothing of the first three or four years of his or her life and only isolated bits and pieces of the subsequent two or three years. Freud suggested an active repression of early material, and called it "primal repression." Others explain the same facts by suggesting that early memories are not stored, or stored in poorly retrievable ways by an immature nervous system. In any case, there is a boundary between this childhood period of no memory or isolated memory and the later period of clear and connected memory. In some persons this forgetting or repression is especially massive and they can remember nothing of their first eight or ten years. The nightmare sufferers were at the other extreme: they remembered a great deal from before the age of three, sometimes even from before the age of two.

**Physical Dimensions.** Most people without really thinking about it keep things in their proper size. Our bodies are a certain size; our houses are a certain size; objects and people generally maintain their size even in our fantasies and dreams, though there are occasional exceptions. However, again, the nightmare subjects shifted sizes more; they reported many dreams and daydreams in which objects, people, faces became larger and smaller and their own bodies

lengthened and shortened. This is somewhat similar to what often occurs in an LSD experience.

I have heard dream reports from quite a few patients and others involving faces that become larger or frightening, usually, there were no associations to recent events. I suspect that these images may have been related to very early memories of being a child, perhaps still in the crib, and having an adult face suddenly come close. This sort of report was found to a varying degree among many persons, but was especially frequent among the nightmare subjects.

**Temporality (Sense of Time).** Everyone organizes his life in time, but there are great differences in the degree of rigidity versus flexibility. Some maintain a rigid schedule throughout their day; some have a definite exact sense of how long any given task should take. Others, including the nightmare subjects, are looser or more casual about time. This was especially striking in the interviews. Most subjects, when asked a specific question such as, "How long do you usually sleep?" gave an answer lasting only a few seconds. When asked an open-ended question such as, "What were things like in high school?" they gave a longer answer lasting perhaps up to two minutes; they had a sense of social time limits. The nightmare subjects did not have such boundaries—they frequently went on for five or ten minutes or more answering a single question. Also, in terms of longer epochs of time, the nightmare subjects did not tend to put their plans in terms of specific time frames.

**Ego Boundaries (Ego versus Id).** Ego boundaries are thinner in nightmare sufferers. Most people have quite firm boundaries between their ego and their id—the impersonal, often rejected "It" consisting of those forces, impulses, desires which they do not really acknowledge as being part of themselves. Usually, the sexual and aggressive wishes of the id are kept out of awareness or are dimly, indirectly perceived. In fact, in a typical psychoanalysis of a neurotic patient, the patient's ego boundaries are often seen as too tight or too rigid; during a successful analysis the boundaries of the ego loosen and expand so that more and more of the dangerous id material is eventually taken in by the ego. "Where id was, ego shall be" (Freud). This neurotic problem clearly was not the problem of the nightmare sufferers. On the contrary, they were very aware of id impulses; they seemed to either



accept them or sometimes used primitive coping mechanisms such as projection, attributing their feelings or wishes to someone else.

**Defense Mechanisms.** I have already mentioned repression. Some of the other well-known mechanisms of defense can also be seen in terms of boundaries—for instance, the mechanism of isolation. Basically, isolation consists of not allowing a thought and its associated emotion to come into consciousness at the same time. Some people are very adept at thinking about something disturbing, but protecting themselves by keeping the emotion out of consciousness. A very obsessional person who likes to keep things pigeonholed (bounded) and not let anything get out of hand often employs the mechanism of isolation. Again, the nightmare subjects tended not to do this. In fact, in many senses, the nightmare subjects had characteristics opposite to those of the obsessional character.

Related to this is the heavy boundary known as character armor (Reich). This implies a use of some characteristic pattern of behavior and defense in a solid, constant manner that prevents any change or any influence from outside. I was struck by how little such defense or armor the nightmare subjects had. Again, there is a continuum; but with a few exceptions (those with paranoid features), the nightmare subjects were among those who did not armor themselves against the world.

**Ordinary Sensory versus Extrasensory Experience.** Almost half of the nightmare sufferers interviewed reported some unusual or paranormal experiences such as telepathy, out-of-the-body experiences, clairvoyance, or



precognition. Again, many persons who are not frequent nightmare sufferers have some such experiences. In our study the nightmare sufferers had these experiences much more frequently and dramatically, although several of the twenty-four vivid dreamers and ordinary dreamers also reported such experiences. However, the nightmare sufferers were not firm believers in the occult. None that I spoke to felt absolutely convinced that he or she had special powers, none had put on shows or demonstrations or tried to make use of such powers commercially. Usually, they took a noncommittal attitude—they believed they were different and more sensitive than most people, and they more-or-less believed in extrasensory phenomena. Some believed that there are unknown energies and influences around and that they were just a bit more sensitive than most people to such "influences." However they were not certain, and some had a very reasonable scientific skepticism about their experiences.

This is an intriguing area that deserves further investigation, but is almost impossible to study. The most parsimoni-

ous explanation is that the nightmare sufferers are sensitive in many ways, often have vivid imaginations, and are not too concerned with boundaries of reality. Thus they may interpret some of their vivid memories or daydreams, or feelings of depersonalization, as extrasensory or parapsychological. On the other hand, it is possible that forces of forms of energy exist that science does not yet fully understand. For that matter, there are well-understood forces for which we have no recognized sensory receptors, for instance, we live in a network of magnetic fields including the earth's but apparently are unable to sense these fields. Yet recently some animals have been shown to have a kind of receptor for magnetic fields and to be able to use the information in guiding their travels. It is conceivable that humans have some form of rudimentary receptors for such forces or others, and there might be great variation in the degree to which people have any awareness of such dim sensations. If so, it might not be surprising that the nightmare sufferers who are sensitive in so many other ways might also be sensitive to such unusual sensations and be more aware of them than most.

Under either assumption, we are dealing with an aspect of thin or permeable boundaries. If the phenomena are nothing other than ordinary psychological ones, the nightmare subjects demonstrate poor reality testing—indistinct boundaries between what is coming from inside themselves and from outside. Alternatively, if there are indeed forces or receptors yet to be understood, these persons have a thin boundary or thin skin in a very interesting new sense. □

*Dr. Ernest Hartmann, author of The Nightmare, tells the spooky truth about:*

● **Why Study Nightmares?**

I was interested in the distinction between nightmares and night terrors, because a lot of sleep research didn't make any distinction between the two.

● **Nightmares And Night Terrors**

Nightmares are long, frightening dreams that usually occur late in the dream cycle. Night terrors typically are frightening episodes, like screaming or physical movements, sometimes sleepwalking. It's a sudden arousal from early stage sleep, and usually the night terror victim has no recollection of the experience and no dream recall.

● **Dreams That Repeat**

We've found that repeating the same nightmare is almost completely an unknown phenomenon. The one exception is post-traumatic nightmares, where the traumatic event is repeated over and over.

● **Food And Nightmares**

A lot of people seem to think that a connection exists—that if they eat peppermint plants before they go to bed, then they'll have a nightmare. There's no evidence for the theory—that doesn't mean that it's false, it just means that there's no evidence.

● **Children And Nightmares**

Children have a higher frequency of nightmares than do adults. They have the most nightmares around the ages of three, four and five when children

first notice that the world is full of people who are bigger than they are. In fact, I think that when adults have nightmares, it's usually the result of a situation that makes them feel helpless and vulnerable—the way they were as children.

● **Creativity And Nightmares**

The lack of boundaries as a characteristic of the nightmare sufferer—that could also be described as sensitivity. Some people have that quality almost from birth. And, among these people, some will become artists, some will be nightmare sufferers and some will have episodes of schizophrenia and mental illness. Then the next question is: "What pushes these people in a direction—toward art, or nightmares, or mental illness?"



# Coke '85

/ continued from page 45

a built-in safety factor to snorting little pinches of expensive and highly-adulterated cocaine. You can't get a whole lot of coke into your bloodstream all at once by insufflating it through the limited absorption surface provided by the tiny blood vesicles in your nasal mucosa. Thus you enjoy nothing close to the true intravenous or freebase rush (what passes for a "rush" after snorting is a relatively gentle escalation of mood) which qualifies as the instant gratification possible. And just so, there's no instant, post-snort rollercoaster down into depression and aggravated drug-craving ("The Cocaine Blues") to further reinforce instant and incessant self-administration. Snorting, then, is a comparatively safe, and even relatively elegant way to self-administer this drug. If you're going to try it once, you could do worse than to try it in this fashion, and never in any other fashion.



Freebasing is something else again. As we have stated repeatedly in *HIGH TIMES*, Dr. Macdonald, freebasing is a really splendid way to overdose dead on cocaine. Freebase, y'see, is simply ordinary snortable salt cocaine (cocaine hydrochloride) which has been converted into a sort of confectioner-sugar texture by simple chemical processes. This flaky freebase, being burnable, is put into a metal pipe, which is heated with a blowtorch, and the abuser inhales the fumes. The volatilized cocaine is taken into the bloodstream through yards and yards of alveolar lung tissue, and goes directly up to the brain, where it makes users just intensely high; in fact, it's called a "rush." This "rush" only lasts about 20 seconds, though, and is instantly followed by such a rapid dump-down of spirits that—well, real sophisticated, civilized people can get pretty embarrassing behind freebase, grappling for the pipe, begging for it, promising obscene sexual favors for another hit. Like, Surf City, Dr. Macdonald, y'know?

Now, since there's no limit to the amount of cocaine we can put into our bloodstreams, all in a rush, by inhaling it this way, and since "baseballers" typically smoke it nonstop until every last precious speck of cocaine in the house has been incinerated, some users take in a terrible lot of cocaine this way. And since the typical concentration of co-

caine in the bloodstream of dead overdose victims is a little less than 4000 nanograms of coke per millilitre of blood (Dr. Reese Jones in *Cocaine: Pharmacology, Effects, and Treatment of Abuse*; National Institute on Drug Abuse, 1984), you'd imagine that a lot of freebasers would be regularly exceeding that, and regularly turning blue and dropping dead, time and again. Indeed, Dr. Ronald Siegel (*Cocaine*, 1984, *ibid.*) has clocked a few rich West Coast baseballers at over eight grams of pure coke per day, day after day! But somehow these wretches lived to tell Siegel the tale, indicating that they had indeed developed technical "tolerance" to cocaine. They were doing enough coke in one day to kill a dozen ordinary people, and that's what's called "tolerance." Extremely short-term tolerance, for sure, but manifest tolerance.

As to cocaine withdrawals, this appears to be another lovely new thing which devoted upperclass 'basers have discovered. The constellation of cocaine abstinence signs is entirely different from old-fashioned, flu-like opiate withdrawals, but there is demonstrably a traceable, dependable pattern of aperiodic cocaine discomfort and dysfunction. "Endogenous depression and aggravated drug craving," we call it today. And it appears to be due to the direct action of the drug in the body; that is, you're not just feeling blue because you lost your friends and lover and all your money on a cocaine binge, but also because of something the drug *did* to you.

For years it has been confidently held that cocaine produces its agreeable euphoria and psychomotor stimulation primarily by raising free brain levels of the stimulating nerve-hormone dopamine (DA), and its "metabolite," norepinephrine (NR). This naturally makes a person feel bright, quick, active, and subtly important, which is essentially what makes all us late-Twentieth-Century types such suckers for cocaine. As Dr. Darryl Inaba and Dr. George Gay of the Haight Free Clinic diagnosed nearly ten years ago, at the start of this historic cocaine extravaganza, this drug "reinforces and boosts what we recognize as the highest aspirations of American initiative: energy, frenetic achievement, and ebullient optimism." It's a sly, sly drug, Dr. Macdonald—but not without its allure to even decent, law-abiding, non-marijuana-type people.

So what happens after the high-dose freebase abuser runs out of this instant Euphoria, having smoked up every last crumb? Well, it's like good old-fashioned American economics in some ways. Co-

caine doesn't substitute for your body's own enlivening DA and NR, the way heroin substitutes for beta-endorphin; cocaine merely hypes up production of these frisky neurohormones, and production is limited. So after a good long baseball binge, your abuser's very nerve cells are depleted of their precious bodily fluids, and literally crying out, individually and by multitudes, for more NR and DA, which just aren't there.

This is what dependably happens to people who smoke or shoot cocaine. It even happens to people who just snort the stuff, if they binge out on it for days on end. But it's just the Cocaine Blues, and they always clear themselves up after a few days, right? Take a little extra tyrosine in the diet to hype up your dopamine production, and things brighten up all by themselves. Right?

Well, it's probably a little more complicated than that. Dr. Reese Jones reveals in this enthralling new NIDA research monograph (*Cocaine*, 1984, *op cit.*). Dopamine and norepinephrine aren't the only "catecholamine" nerve-juices which cocaine affects, it now turns out. Even while it enhances the activity of our "uppish" nerve-hormones, Dr. Jones has found, cocaine also tamps down the activity of our main "downish" nerve-hormone, serotonin (5-HT, for "5-hydroxy tryptamine"). Now, 5-HT ordinarily works to keep us from getting all over-excited, and to keep us contemplative and skeptical, sort of. (I personally like to call serotonin your "however hormone.") If 5-HT is suppressed by cocaine, then no wonder we get so all-fired enthusiastic, and even didactic, about that damn drug. And if we keep on using cocaine to suppress our natural 5-HT in this way, it's conceivable that the thwarted 5-HT builds itself up, gradually, behind the cocaine nerve-block; so that when your poor baseballer finally smokes up that last precious iota of available cocaine, and the 5-HT coke-block is suddenly removed, all that built-up serotonin comes into play, with no decent amount of opposing dopamine and norepinephrine to counterbalance it. The result is "serotonergic depression," or the Cocaine Blues in triplicate. It can linger for weeks, by all accounts, while the replenishing DA and NR levels of your baseballer or i-v shooter struggle to vanquish all that morbid 5-HT in the central nervous system.

So in the final analysis, cocaine compulsion may after all qualify as a less spurious type of "addiction" than cinema fetishism. This whole aggravated syndrome of coke tolerance and withdrawal

/ continued on page 87



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## Bill

*/ continued from page 37*

is a best-seller doesn't mean that it's bad. *The Day of the Jackal* is the complete antithesis of the psychological novel that came in with Dostoevsky and that *weltschmerz* stuff in the late 19th century—all that analysis of the character's mind—that went on through Joyce. Then Beckett externalized the mind and put it out there as a play: one hears this part of the mind and that part of the mind acting out on stage. So, in place of the psychological novel, here comes Forsyth where there's not one instance of introversion. Not one glimpse do we get of what the protagonist, "The Jackal," thinks, only what he does. Of course, you can see him thinking, but from outside. In the scene where "The Jackal" confronts the passport forger, you can see what's coming, but all you're told is "His eyes clouded over slightly." Then, he knees the guy in the nuts and breaks his neck. Never once is there anything about what that man thinks. Even in the early, hard-boiled detective stories—your Raymond Chandler—there are all these long, self-pitying monologues of the detective.

**HIGH TIMES:** Seeing character through action—

**BURROUGHS:** —is simply another way of looking at a character that has a lot of impact.

**HIGH TIMES:** Is it the relationship between character and action that attracts you to Conrad and Greene?

**BURROUGHS:** Conrad's themes are so basic: courage lost, courage regained, honor lost, honor regained. And most of his novels are also about corruption, the corruption of fear, of power.

**HIGH TIMES:** Corruption is a major motif in Greene's books as well, isn't it?

**BURROUGHS:** Yes, but it's very pallid, a more conservative mode. I wouldn't say it's corruption exactly, it's a fault which lets corruption in, as in the case of Major Scobie in *The Heart of the Matter*.

**HIGH TIMES:** A character who produces disaster from his efforts to be "good."

**BURROUGHS:** Nobody does more harm than people who feel terrible about doing it. They just can't bear for anyone to suffer, and the windup is, everyone suffers a great deal more. In this book, there's a sort of evasiveness, an unwillingness to face the situation that is a weakness which lays him open to corruption.

**HIGH TIMES:** What do you think of

the Catholic terms of that corruption?  
**BURROUGHS:** He sure gets that whole Catholic thing in there, doesn't he?

**HIGH TIMES:** Is the wish to avoid traditional "psychological realism" the reason for your characters' identities to be so vague, so blurry? They even change shape and form as well as time travel backwards and forward.

**BURROUGHS:** What I'm getting at in this blurring of character is, that in space, people are probably not separate. I don't think they're even in separate bodies. That means that in all experience people are, on some level, in contact, or certain groups are in contact along certain associational lines. So that the blurring of the identities is a thing of the future. The underlying concept is the proposition that life is a mirage, an illusion. That's not a new idea, that there is no real reality. We're getting closer to some of these older, vague metaphysical statements in the area of science and physics. Consider the dimension of time—the whole proposition that here it is, I can touch it so it's real—doesn't apply because there was a time when it wasn't here and there'll be a

"Rock 'n' roll is one of the most potent forces in the whole cultural revolution."

time when it won't be here.

**HIGH TIMES:** What are you working on now?

**BURROUGHS:** The third book of the trilogy, called *The Western Lands*. It takes off from the Egyptian section of *The Place of Dead Roads*. It also takes off from the Egyptian postulate of seven souls. I've counted these, clearly set forth, in Norman Mailer's book, *Ancient Evenings*. But I realized they fitted exactly into my own mythology. Not only do you have seven souls, but each one has different objectives and different interests. One is Ren, that's the secret name. He is the director who directs someone's life from the moment they're born to the moment they die. The secret name is, "What is your life all about?" Number two: Sekhem. That's your technician: lights, camera, action. The one who's always saying about Ren that he doesn't know what buttons to push or what happens when you do. The technicians are the people who know how to do things. Number three is the Khu, the guardian angel. That's the intuition. It also takes the form of actual guards, guards in the widest sense. Number four is Ba. That's the heart—love, tears, laughter. No show without it. Number five is the Ka. That's the double, and it's the only one you can rely on. Six is the Khaibit, the shadow. That's memory. And seven is Sekhu, the remains, the physical body.

Now here's where some contradictions come in. These three are eternal: the director goes back and gets the script, the technician—the cameraman—goes with him, and the guardian angel is also eternal—though they can be injured but not seriously. Now the rest take their chances in the land of the dead. They either get through the *Western Lands* or suffer a last and final death. Now Ba, the heart, that's the area of treachery. So many people have been brought down by their Ba. The Ka, your double, doesn't make it unless you do. Khaibit is memory, which can be a burden in many cases, but you need it for data. And Sekhu, the remains, remain. There must also be an eighth soul, who has all these souls.

**HIGH TIMES:** Can you think of your "Beat Generation" as an establishment?

**BURROUGHS:** To some extent, but literary history is something that's around long enough to be accepted. I like to say that I'm a good example. I was considered very incomprehensible by conservative critics when my books first appeared, but it certainly isn't so any more. □



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**W/M, 24 yrs young. Doing a 12** yr bit in Ind. Dept. of Correction. Leave for the real world as of May '87. Would like to stay in touch with reality by way of ladies between the ages of 20-30 yrs. young and pretty. Can exchange photos. No burn outs please. I've got a good sense of humor. David "Baby Rat" Stinson #22258, 1YC. K Unit, P.O. Box 127, Plainfield, IN 46168.

**Haol'e, raised in Hawaii. 20** yrs. old. 5'8" 160 lbs. brown hair and eyes. Would like to receive mail from intelligent females. Charlie Curry, C76046-2120 Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0001

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**Blue-eyed, brown haired** W/M. Would like to share laughs and letters with a special lady. Drop me a line. Henry M. Franklin, Rt 1 Box 36, Jackson NC 27845.

**I am 36 yrs. old, black, 6'2",** 186 lbs. Please address correspondence to Charles Scott, PO Box C-19320 Tamai, CA 94964.


**My name is Steven L. Carmean,** age 25, W/M 5'10", 190 lbs., blue-green eyes, dark hair, interested in weightlifting and all sports. Would like to hear from beautiful W/Fs ages 18-25, but all are welcome to write. Steve Carmean #181 685 P.O. Box 5500, Chillicothe, OH 45601

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## A Monthly Report on Drugs and the Law

Written in consultation with Kevin Zeese, NORMI Chief Counsel

# THEY, THE JURY

*Most jurors are not our peers, but the system can work.*

by Robert Fogelnest

**A**lthough every person accused of a crime in the U.S. is entitled to trial by a fair and impartial jury of his or her peers, people accused of violation of the drug laws rarely experience those rights.

Rather than a jury of peers, jurors are often chosen in arbitrary ways. The typical juror is much more likely to be a government worker who gets paid full salary while serving, a housewife, or a retiree. Methods of jury list selection range from the so-called "key man" system—a local politician calling a few friends—to a broad-based compilation using voter registration lists, welfare rolls and driver's license holders. The list source has a direct relationship to the likelihood of obtaining an impartial jury. A list composed of a politician's friends is less likely to be a cross section of the community than would a list composed of licensed drivers.

The Constitution requires the jury list to represent a cross section of the community. If there is a substantial disparity between a discernible class of people in the community and their opportunity to serve as jurors, the entire list may be challenged with the assistance of statisticians and sociologists. Disparities between the percentage of racial minorities in the population and on the juror source list are sometimes subject to challenge. If the method of obtaining source list names results in the systematic exclusion of minorities, the entire list may be struck. Source list challenges have been based on social, economic or class status, sex, age, students, geographic groupings, educational level, religion, and political beliefs or values. Grand juries can also be challenged on this basis.

### Potential Juror Research and Investigation

The more detailed information one has

about a potential juror, the better one is able to make some predictions about the person's prejudices, biases and behavior. Attitudinal surveys are sometimes conducted to determine how people in a community feel about the type of crime the suspect is accused of or any other issue relevant to the case. A simulated trial can be staged so that reactions of people who are demographically equivalent to the potential jurors are observed. This information helps the defense plan strategy.

Attitudes may be discerned simply by reading the bumper sticker on a juror's car. It may be useful to know the neighborhood, condition of the house and family relationships of the juror. In fact, every piece of information can be used to gain an insight into the person's attitudes, biases and prejudices. A psychologist or jury expert can be used to develop a psychological profile of potential jurors.

### Voir Dire (To say the truth in Latin)

Voir dire is the process of examining prospective jurors to find an impartial panel. Jurors who demonstrate that they cannot be fair and impartial are excused by the judge upon request of either side. Usually both the defense and prosecution are permitted to excuse a number of jurors preemptively, that is, simply because they don't like them. No reason need be given. Prosecutors often use these challenges to exclude the jurors likely to be most fair.

When prosecutors abuse preemptory challenges, the defense may object. In most courts the voir dire is conducted by the judge asking questions to the potential jurors as a group. Potential jurors are rarely questioned outside the group by either the judge or the lawyers. This is the worst way to determine a person's impartiality. When a personal inquiry takes place in a group, the chance of

obtaining meaningful information is substantially reduced, if not entirely eliminated.

Phrasing, tone of voice and the non-verbal behavior of the questioner all affect the potential juror's answer. Impersonal questions rarely evoke thoughtful, honest answers to deeply personal issues. Close-ended questions calling for a yes or no answer, especially when the "acceptable" answer is obvious, elicit little useful information as compared to an open-ended question with no apparent right or wrong answer.

Compare the difference between information elicited by asking "Can you follow the judge's instructions and not give more credibility to the DEA agent's testimony than the defendant's?" with the answer to an open-ended question such as "How reliable do you feel a DEA agent's testimony is?"; followed by a similar question regarding the defendant.

### Selecting the Jurors

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*Robert Fogelnest is a partner in the law firm of Ellis, Fogelnest & Newman, PC, with offices in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and Mexico City, Mexico. He is also one of the founding members of International Legal Defense Counsel, an organization that specializes in representing Americans arrested abroad.*

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# PROTEST PUNK

## *The flip side of Reagan Youth*

by John Leland

**I**t's late Sunday afternoon on Manhattan's Lower East Side. The bright affluence and glamour of the previous evening have faded

to a dull gray. In spite of the early winter cold, fifty or so people are milling about a small section of Bowery sidewalk. On the periphery, a few forty-ish blacks, residents of the nearby transient hotel, check out the scene through

bloodshot eyes between slugs from their brown paper bags.

But the majority of the loiterers are young and white—the folks who supposedly launched Reagan and Huey Lewis to the top of the charts, the ones who spearheaded and now sustain the yuppie trend. But these particular people aren't here to discuss the futures market. They're gathered outside CBGB's, the legendary firetrap that every Sunday plays host to the New York chapter of America's most spirited and vital musical and social scene: punk rock.

Seven years after anyone with any sense sounded its death knell, the punk movement is still going strong. And here "movement" is not an anachronism. Although blaring, headbanging rock 'n' roll is its

most recognizable manifestation, punk is not primarily a musical phenomenon. If it were, it would have petered out years ago—the music hasn't shown enough development or originality to have sustained itself for this long.

The music serves mainly as a rallying point. Punks are attracted to the loud, fast noise for the defiant attitude behind it. The clothes, the hair are statements. The iconography—skateboards, anarchy symbols, antiliterate spellings—proclaims an attitude and lifestyle. The nonconformist conformity within the scene is an expression of solidarity. Punk is a rebellious movement to redefine and liberate the position of the indi-

● *Boys Just Wanna Have Fun: Punks get physical while waiting for CBGB's Sunday show.*



vidual within society. Everyone has a slightly different idea as to what this should be, but all reject on principle the imposed roles they're expected to play. In the current political climate, punk is the antithesis of the swing to the right. In many respects, it resembles the hippie counterculture of the '60s. Instead of going to business school, young punks are creating their own alternative lifestyle.

Because it is a rebel subculture, punk has always involved a political stance. Founding fathers like the Clash and the Sex Pistols jolted a lethargic England with their attacks on racism, imperialism and class war. American pioneers like the Dead Kennedys carried on the struggle. And while isolated instances of fascism plague both the British and the American punk movements, the sustaining current in each is progressive.

For many punks, the very act of cutting their hair or embracing raw, aggressive music is in itself a social protest. "Even if you're just a fun band that plays thrash music," says Chris Charucki, singer for New York's Cause for Alarm, "it's an alternative lifestyle or an alternative music, and it is a protest against middle-of-the-road rock 'n' roll." In his own band, Charucki carries the protest further, calling for unity within the punk movement, and lambasting gentrification and the nationalist press. "It's like, 'Wake up and smell the coffee,'" he says. "A slap in the face."

Other bands, like San Francisco's MDC, whose name has at various times stood for Millions of Dead Cops, Millions of Dead Children, Multi-Death Corporation and Missiles Destroy Civilization, confront the issues on a national and international level. For them, punk is a platform for political ideas. "We were political activists at the University of Texas at Austin," says Franco, the band's bass player. "And we were trying to figure how we could make a political statement of our lives in a way that would be meaningful to us, and would communicate and make a positive contribution. We decided that rather than becoming professionals, we would express ourselves through our music. We use MDC as a vehicle to express our political thoughts and beliefs."



● *Anarchy in the U.S.: Protest punks Cause for Alarm at CBGB's.*

Rick Royale, drummer for the sardonically named Reagan Youth and one of the few blacks on the scene, agrees that "Our political views are the most important part of our show. I don't just want to go up on stage and get everyone to look at me. We urge people to liberate themselves—take their mentality in their own hands."

Cause for Alarm's call for unity within the scene is a common theme. Because punks protest against their peers, they are prone to factionalism. According to Franco, "There's hippie punks, and there's anarchy punks, and there's peace punks, and there's even fascist skinhead punks as well as nonfascist skinhead punks." The groups don't always get along, and most punks are willing to tell you that most other punks are full of shit.

But many are trying to settle some of the disputes—if not the differences—and to unite the movement without homogenizing it. Within any scene such as this, money and drugs tend to be divisive factors. In punk activities, profits are such a rare commodity that lucre doesn't play the divisive role it does within

the mainstream rock culture. But drugs are a factor. And so there is a trend, dubbed "straight edge," against drugs and alcohol. "We feel that drugs are just another bullshit trip," says Franco. "The powers that be—the collusion of the corporations and the politicians—would have you hooked on drugs, so that you're so busy with that that you don't do anything meaningful with your life i.e., try to change the system, or try to change your community."

There is also a movement to open the scene to more people, particularly to younger people. The predominant punk event is the all-ages show. This is anathema to the music industry—club owners can't make any money off teenagers because they can't sell them drinks. Yet some of today's most impassioned punks will still be too young to vote in the 1988 election. And, according to Franco, these younger punks are not only more socially conscious than their peers, they're more aware than the original punks were.

"There are influences that have led younger and younger people to get more and more politically aware and involved," Franco explains.

"Bands like the Clash, Dead Kennedys, on up through ourselves and Minor Threat, have raised the political consciousness." While the yuppies sever themselves from youth culture by aligning themselves with the adult corporate world, punks are breaking down the irrelevant age barrier and rejecting the established subordinate status of young people.

Punk as it stands today is an alternative, but, for all its energy, not a force. Its most remarkable achievement is still its own survival. The movement needs unity from within, but it also needs to unite with other alternative streams in order to exert pressure for social change. This is no simple task. Antihippie rhetoric, Nazi accoutrements, and occasional outbreaks of reactionary violence make punks unwelcome allies for many progressive groups.

But there is some headway. Under the banner of Rock Against Reagan (an offshoot of Rock Against Racism), dozens of punk bands, including MDC, Cause for Alarm, and Reagan Youth, have united with other groups in old-fashioned political rallies across the country. Although RAR has been powerful in England since the late '70s, it never drew any numbers here until the '84 election. The essence of the rallies is not divisive ideology, but education. "We're not advocating that people change the world," says Pilco, an organizer for Rock Against Reagan. "We want them to think about their own life, and make some decisions about their own life—to live it themselves."

Several members of Reagan Youth were arrested at an RAR demonstration outside the Republican National Convention in Dallas. The members of MDC, along with about 500 other demonstrators, were arrested outside the Democratic National Convention in San Francisco. Franco estimates the total RAR contingent protesting outside the Moscone Center at "between five and ten thousand."

If punk is to play a significant role in our society, it will be through united measures such as these. Meanwhile, for all its ingrained stupidity and contradictions, it remains a very exciting and surprisingly resilient alternative to the culture that gave us Huey Lewis and Ronald Reagan.



• *Long Ryders: Haunted by the spirit of Dylan and the Byrds.*

# HIGH FIVES

Our Alternative Record Charts

## ALBUMS & EPs

1. **Minutemen**, *Double Nickels on the Dime* (SST). This engaging, idiosyncratic LP is punk's answer to *Blonde on Blonde*.
2. **Dumptruck**, *D is for Dumptruck* (Incas). Guitars duel and undergraduate existentialists suffer in this tenacity fraught, very impressive debut album. This music is intense.
3. **The Long Ryders**, *Native Sons* (Frontier). The spirit of the Byrds and Dylan haunts the country-flavored, folky pop of the Long Ryders. Ex-Byrd Gene Clark even lends his silver throat to a track.
4. **100 Flowers**, *Drawing Fire* (EP; Happy Squid). If REM were a punk band, they might sound something like this, with dark melodies and driving rhythms.
5. **Corvairs**, *Temple Fire* (EP; Sourmash). Lower East Side hoodoo-billy—slightly ghoulish pop tunes with unhealthy guitar lines shooting out.

## SINGLES

1. **Chuck Brown and The Soul Searchers**, "We Need Some Money" (T.T.E.D.). In *Chocolate City* (D.C.), they call this action "go-go"—greasy funk with extra helpings of percussion. Chuck Brown is the granddaddy of the genre, and this platter kicks from the git-go.
2. **Run D.M.C.**, "Hollis Crew" (Profile). In which the homeboys shout the praises of their Queens neighborhood, to the monster beat of their own "Sucker MC's."

3. **Fuzztones**, "Bad News Travels Fast" b/w "Brand New Man (and a Brand New Car)" (Midnight). Lead singer Rudi Protrudi leads Deb O'Nair and the rest on a grungy trip into the garages of our past. Primitive stuff, heavy on the distortion—like The Seeds with a nasty edge.
4. **Afrika Bambaataa & Soulsonic Force with Shango**, "Frantic Situation" (Tommy Boy). There's no more important figure in the history of New York hip hop than Bam. Arthur Baker produced this dynamic hybrid of song and rap.
5. **Cold Crush Brothers**, "Fresh, Wild, Fly and Bold" (Profile). That's right—every cliché in the book, both lyrical and musical. But the Brothers get over on their sense of community. This is a celebration.

—John Leland

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T.T.E.D., 3180 Bladensburg Rd. NE, Washington, DC 20018

Profile, 1775 Broadway, New York, NY 10019

Midnight, P.O. Box 390, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10011

Tommy Boy, 1747 First Ave., New York, NY 10128



# Coke '85

/ continued from page 75

symptoms has only appeared in a few extremely well-heeled freebasers and toot-shooters so far, to be sure; people who can afford to fress up multiples of grams of pure coke every day, at contemporary cocaine prices. But it may just happen, in the none-too-distant future, that this cocaine-addiction syndrome could pullulate out of rich and trendy circles, and grow into the sort of widespread public-health calamity that all the rich and trendy media pundits are already braying about.

So what happens if the price of coke drops to \$20 a gram, or a pound, and becomes as universally accessible in our society as table salt? How many people are going to abandon snorting, and get down to the serious business of baseballing and shooting up? And what will happen to a lot of those poor wretches?

A lot will depend on developments in the international cocaine traffic, which is another mysterious area into which Dr. Macdonald will have to plunge, if he wants to get a handle on this problem as ADAMHA director.

Intensified drug-interdiction efforts and law enforcement in the coca-producing nations, inevitably, will be ADAMHA's eternal recommendation for cocaine policy, under Dr. Macdonald or any other clown, Republican or Democrat. The whole enigma is so messy, complicated and intractable, no Administration bureaucrat who seriously suggested even the mildest alternative would stay long in any Administration afterward. This is really tragic because, although nothing ever changes in Washington narcotics-"control" circles, things sure are changing dramatically down there in the Amazonian jungles.

A very highly-placed and influential NIDA advisor thinks he might have the answer. "The United States government might think about a boycott of these coca-producing countries," he speculated to me in confidence, not for attribution, not long ago. "Cut off all aid to them, institute a trade embargo, until they stop growing coca."

"Smallpox has been successfully eliminated from the face of the planet," he concluded. "If we can do that, why not coca too?"

Which is a commendable aspiration, I suppose. I just wonder if all these brilliant ADAMHA advisers can tell Dr. Macdonald exactly how much a kilo of pure smallpox virus ever went for in Little Havana or Jackson Heights. □

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# NBC'S BIG SCI-FI GAMBLE

## *V ushers in the post-Irwin Allen era*

by R.J. Smith

**T**he first thing to say is that you can't destroy the earth these days with just pocket change. It was years ago that Irwin Allen,

discredited genius of TV science fiction and father of such definitive video-screen classics as "Lost in Space," "Time Tunnel" and "Land of the Giants," said, "If I can't blow up the world within the first ten min-

utes, then the show is a flop." He was not known to back a flop. And, to the tune of around \$250,000 per episode, he revolutionized science fiction on TV. That figure is especially mind-boggling when you consider that back in 1949, when Captain Video hosted his Cosmic Vibrator for the first time and slew the badguys, he did it at a cost to his producer of approximately what a sack of roasted chestnuts goes for on New York streets today.

The second thing to say is that, well, people have found better, more expensive ways to blow up the world. In 1984, the producers of NBC's new blockbuster series "V" boasted of running up a one million-dollar tab per episode. And, although the figure is disputed, the show convincingly puts flying saucers over Main Street, and gives you monsters that don't just scare once, but put the fear in you each time you see them. And that costs. As the costs mount, it seems that "V" might be redefining the principles of science fiction on TV, for better or worse.

TV, like everything from the space shuttle to processed cheese food, was a fact in science fiction before it was a fact in real life. But since the first wave of television science fiction in the '50s, TV sci-fi has been redefined, recreated even, in the act of pouring out of the tube. It looks like kids' stuff, but it was Ward and June as well as the Beav who were watching it. The dangerous visions on the television came out like every other show did, and filled up the room just as surely as



● Allen badgirl (Jane Badler) plots with fellow space-creep.

the coasters and the end table and the naugahyde ottoman. TV institutionalized weirdness in American life, and some of the weirdest stuff was to be found on science fiction shows such as "One Step Beyond," "Atom Squad" and "It's About Time."

And it just may be, depending on the success of "V," that TV is soon to launch a new generation of science fiction programs. If "V" hits, you can bet the other two networks will be polishing their ramjets, oiling the gauges and setting the controls for the heart of the Nielsen audience.

Because it looks like kids' stuff, people tend to think science fiction is only a harmless diversion, and they leave it alone. In his pre-"Twilight Zone" scriptwriting days, Rod Serling found he had an impossible time trying to say things that mattered on national TV.

"Before the script goes before the cameras," he explained, "the networks, the sponsors, the ad agency men censor it so that by the time it's on the home screen, all the message has been squeezed out." Thus it was that he turned to the mode of science fiction and fantasy, and put the message in a form the censors thought was innocuous.

And "V," dolled up as pure escapism, similarly evades the kind of people who dogged Serling. Beneath the surface, the first "V" miniseries

was alternately a celebration of guerrilla warfare (it started in El Salvador!) and rivetingly quasi-fascist—it forced you to take turns identifying with freedom-fighting earthlings and sleazy reptilian aliens. It was more emotional, and more provocative, than most war footage, and its manipulations were even more amazing because they came disguised as pure play, just a tilt-o-whirl ride of prime time malarkey. It was as subversive as television gets.

That first miniseries was supposed to be a one-shot, mainly because of the cost of the thing. But NBC was obviously hedging its bets. The miniseries ended with one character saying, "The first battle has been won," to which another replied, "but the war is just beginning." Prophetic words. The show was NBC's top miniseries for 1983, and though they thought the lizard outfits would go forever into the depths of the prop department, NBC dusted them off for last spring's "V: The Final Battle."

The second miniseries toned things down, tried to increase the action, but ended up with fewer high points. That show did as well in the ratings as the first one, and NBC finally decided to go ahead with the series. Credit for that decision goes most of all to the original

*/ continued on page 96*

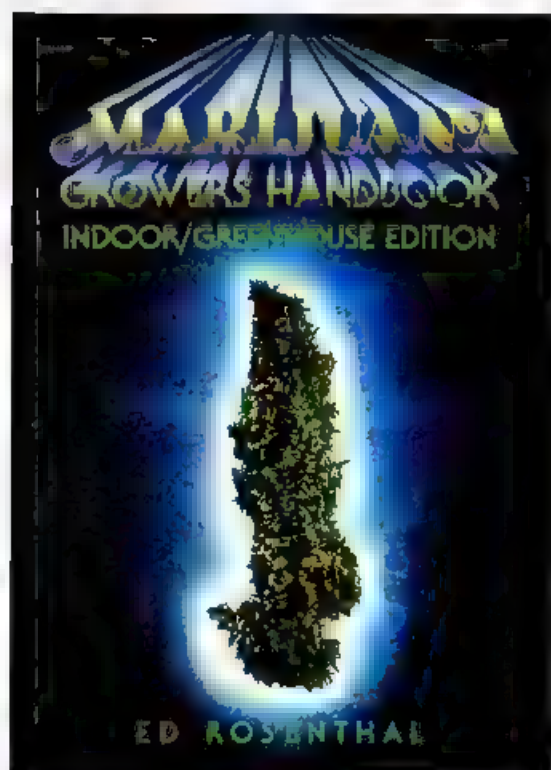
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# STARMAN: POPCORN PERFECTION

*John Carpenter's Flick Goes Better With Butter*

by David Harrison

**J**ohn Carpenter's *Starman* is the perfect popcorn picture: lightweight, laugh-filled and downright lovable. We're not talking Academy Awards here, or even cult classic. But *Starman* is a quintessential movie-movie, best savored with a bucket of buttered popcorn. The audience at the theater where I saw *Starman* laughed often, cheered now and then, and clapped vigorously at the end. They liked it. I liked it. You'll like it.

*Starman* is the story of an alien who comes to earth as a result of an invitation sent from the U.S. in 1977 aboard the Voyager II satellite. Among the items sent on that intergalactic greeting card was a record containing salutations in over 100 languages, a message from then-Secretary of the U.N. Kurt Waldheim, and, best of all, a selection of music including rock 'n' roll. What race of alien beings could possibly

resist the planet that sent them "I Can't Get No Satisfaction"? (One minor quibble here. The film's use of the Stones' song is funny and effective, but, if memory serves, incorrect. I think Chuck Berry was the only rocker to make it into outer space.)

*Starman* has the misfortune to violate American airspace, which gets him blown out of the skies. He crashes off-course in rural Wisconsin and, as aliens are wont to do, goes to the nearest home and scares the shit out of its resident human. The human in this case is a grieving young widow, Jenny Hayden (Karen Allen). *Starman* clones himself into a humanoid replica of Jenny's dead husband, Scott (Jeff Bridges), using the genetic code in a lock of his hair that she has pasted in a scrapbook. *Starman*/Scott and Jenny then head for Meteor Crater, Arizona, where he will be picked up by his fellow space beings and transported back home. The problem is, if he doesn't make it to Me-

teor Crater in three days, the aliens will leave without him. And *Starman* will die.

The simplicity of *Starman*'s plot is part of its appeal. It feels very much like a '50s sci-fi movie, which is what you might expect from John Carpenter, director of *Halloween*, *Escape from New York* and the excellent *Elvis* TV-movie. There is the predictable nice-guy scientist (Charles Martin Smith) who wants to save the alien from the mean-guy military man (Richard Jaeckel), and the familiar plot about the alien trying to get back home. (Comparisons with *E.T.* are inevitable.)

But what you might *not* expect from John Carpenter is a tender love story and a very funny comedy. You get both in *Starman*. What could be more wonderful than an alien who learns how to make love from watching the Burt Lancaster-Deborah Kerr surfside love scene in *From Here to Eternity*? *Starman* does just that, and also learns to speak—and sing—English (he already knows



This is one spaceman who *really* gets down to earth. His curiosity about human toilet habits is what gets him the finger ("Up yours," says a pissed-off guy whom he is observing in the act of urination.) And he learns the rules of the road by observing Jenny, a typical earthling driver. "I have been watching you," Starman says after narrowly avoiding an accident at a traffic light. "Red, you stop. Green, you go. Yellow, you go faster."

But Starman manages to maintain a pretty high opinion of our species, thanks mainly to Jenny Hayden, with whom he falls in love. In the end, he bestows a cosmic compliment on us when he says that we earthlings are so much more *alive* than his highly evolved species. "You want me to tell you what's beautiful about your people," he tells the scientist, "You are at your best when things are at their worst." Not exactly an earth-shattering statement, but nice, real nice.

Jeff Bridges is quite remarkable as Starman. From his superb physical nuances (especially hilarious in the beginning, as he is adapting to his new body) to the alternately funny and touching vocal mannerisms, Bridges is thoroughly convincing as an amiable alien being the kinda spaceguy you'd want to move in next door. And it doesn't stretch the imagination one iota for him to fall in love with Jenny Hayden. Karen Allen was a small wonder of lovable humanity amidst the spectacle of *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and she is equally endearing here. She projects the perfect combination of feminine spunk and vulnerability, making her just the type of person you would hope a visitor to earth might encounter.

Carpenter's feel for this material is sure-handed. He stages his gags

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/ continued from page 90

with aplomb and shifts effortlessly between action and romance. Sure, a healthy suspension of disbelief is required, but that's where the popcorn comes in. Just when your mind says, "Hey, wait a minute, that wouldn't really happen," your mouth says, "Gimme some more of that hot buttered popcorn!" And before

you know it, you're on to the next good scene and thoroughly caught up in *Starman's* spell.

Kudos must also go to Jack Nitzsche for his haunting theme music and to Executive Producer Michael Douglas, whose last film, *Romancing the Stone*, was another popcorn classic. The special effects, done by the ubiquitous Industrial

Light and Magic (George Lucas' effects offshoot), are not the mind-blowing extravaganzas that we've come to expect in big budget sci-fi, but they are functional for telling this story.

Don't go to *Starman* expecting the cosmic exhilaration of *E.T.* or the philosophical profundity of *2001*. Go with a bucket of buttered ☐

## Screen Scene

● Morris Day, hilariously hip as Prince's archrival in *Purple Rain*, has signed a three-picture deal with 20th Century Fox. Day, who broke with the Prince camp and moved to L.A. to pursue screen stardom, obviously scored a hit with the Hollywood big boys. New Fox prexy Larry Gordon personally announced the deal. "Morris Day has shown a tremendous new presence on-screen," said Gordon. "20th Century Fox looks forward to developing projects suited to his unique abilities." "Everything counts with audiences," said the supercool former lead singer with *The Time*. "I know I can deliver what they want." Day will continue his recording career, working as a solo artist.

● You find the strangest things in some Hollywood press kits. Take the PR package for *Torchlight*, the indie flick about a middle-class couple whose life is destroyed when the husband falls prey to freebasing. It contains explicit instructions on how to "base and calls the high "orgasmic." The step-by-step instructions, which take up two full pages of the press packet under the headings "Freebase Recipe" and "How to Freebase," caused quite a controversy. "Maybe I presented it in a very sensational way," understated PR flack Judy Jacksina, who put together the package. "But it got your attention." "Our producers thought it possibly condoned the drug," sniffed producer Manuel Rojas. By the way, the film stars Pamela Sue Martin (Rojas' wife) and Steve

Railsback (who was mesmerizing as Manson in the vid version of *Helter Skelter*). It should be lighting up your local screen any day now.

● The sexiest movie of '85 could be *9½ Weeks*, based on the sizzling bestseller by Elizabeth McNeill. The film stars Mickey Rourke (*Diner*, *The Pope of Greenwich Village*) and Kim Basinger (*Never Say Never Again*) as lovers who have a tempestuous affair that lasts a mere nine-and-a-half weeks. The book caused quite a stir because of its no-holds-barred eroticism, and the film should be pretty steamy stuff, albeit R-rated rather than X. Insiders who have seen the video that will be released with the title song say it's very hot. Cowriter and singer of the film's theme song is Berlin's Terri Nunn, the

sexiest woman in rock. *9½ Weeks* marks the directorial return of Adrian Lyne, who scored a smash with *Flashdance*. (His earlier, under-rated *Foxes* was also excellent.) The film is slated for an April release.

● Upcoming this month from Universal is *The Breakfast Club*, starring Emilio Estevez (who was great in the new cult classic, *Repo Man*), Molly Ringwald (laughably lovable in *Sixteen Candles*) and Ally Sheedy (unbearably cute in *WarGames*). *The Breakfast Club* is the story of "a brain, a beauty, a jock, a rebel and a recluse" who meet for the first time in a high school detention hall, get high together and according to the Uni PR, "touch each other in a way they never dreamed possible." The film was written and directed by John Hughes, one of Tinseltown's current fave raves after writing the hits *Mr. Mom* and *National Lampoon's Vacation*.

● *His Time Has Come*: Morris Day has signed a three-film deal.



# JUNKIE JR.

## William Burroughs Jr. follows in his dad's missteps

By Katherine Dieckmann

### ■ Speed

William S. Burroughs, Jr., afterword by John Steinbeck, Jr. (Woodstock, NY: The Overlook Press, 1984), 170 pp., \$14.95.

### ■ Kentucky Ham

William S. Burroughs, Jr., foreword by Anne Waldman and afterword by William S. Burroughs (Woodstock, NY: The Overlook Press, 1984), 197 pp., \$14.95.

**L**urking amid the cheerfully druggy grown-up Beat boys-on-the-lam exuberance of Howard Brookner's 1983 docu-

mentary, *Burroughs*, is a haunting element that lingers long after the film ends: the case-study in second-generational confusion known as William S. Burroughs, Jr. Billy was the product of a brief marriage between William Sr. and Joan Vollmer. At age four, he witnessed the killing of

his mother by his gun-loving Pa during a late-night William Tell experiment at a party. Burroughs missed the "apple or an apricot or a grape or myself on her head" (as Billy describes it in *Kentucky Ham*) and shot his wife square in the forehead.

Daddy left for Tangiers to indulge his heroin habit and write *Naked Lunch*. Billy was shuffled off to live with Burroughs' parents in the maddening cleanliness of Palm Beach. When he turned eighteen, Grandpa died. Grandma's pink-bathrobed senility and guilt trips got to be too much and Billy left for New York City's "East Side." New York provoked addictions to amphetamines, alcohol and smoking which killed Billy in 1981 at age 33.

What to do with the sad story of Billy Jr., who appears in Brookner's film as a sweet, crumpled, wry-humored, seriously fucked-up young man? Now that his autobiographical trilogy is being released by Overlook Press—*Speed* (1970), *Kentucky Ham* (1973) and the forthcoming *Prakriti Junction* (1981)—you'd think Billy might get his due. As Anne Waldman states in her foreword to *Kentucky Ham*, Billy's status as author affords him a "new dimen-



● *Chip Off The Ol' Block* William Burroughs Jr. poses with Dad.

sion": "The suffering body's gone while the work constitutes an enduring, vital 'body.'" The embarrassment of excess gone ugly has disappeared while the verbal manifestations of the man remain. I don't think William S. Burroughs, Jr. was searching for literary recognition cognizance of his personhood might have been enough.

*Speed* is a '60s update of *On the Road*, made hyper and troubled by too much "up" cruising through the writer's veins and down onto the page. It's an energetic, funny, anguished memoir of Billy's life after he left the tedium of Miami for a hitchhike journey to New York with an ultra-paranoid pal named Chad. The brief months spent in the city form the core of this reminiscence as Billy falls deeper and deeper into his addictive ways, his deranged fantasies and his skirmishes with the law. He spends his time blinking awake in trashed junkie pads while acquaintances sleep. This prototypical teen runaway seems mystically drawn to places where he knows he will be busted. The two times his subliminal attention grabbing works out, his father's old chum Allen Ginsberg bails him out. Meanwhile Dad enjoys literary success across the ocean in England. At one point Ginsberg calls Burroughs to inform him of Billy's misadventures and Billy notes with aching simplicity and no real sense of

explanation, "I couldn't talk to him. How's the weather in London?" I would have asked."

Burroughs the younger arrived in New York in the spirit of a '50s road warrior-adventurer, following his ancestral Beat travellers and seeking the usual vagaries of post-adolescence—jobs, girls and money. When he returned to Palm Beach he brought with him a serious and eventually deadly addiction, a tendency toward self-scrutiny and a loss of whatever vestiges of protective innocence he may have started out with. In *Speed* Billy slips easily from style to style in the manner of a late teen trying out a variety of guises. He's occasionally mock-worldly, describing a pliant girlfriend as follows: "Noni was a lovely and abysmally stupid girl who had been attracted to me to savor the delicious danger of courting a misfit." Then he may shift to coarse realism, describing in meticulous detail an Hispanic's seizure in a detention ward. But, above all, Billy speaks in the tongue of a naive overdozer. "It was a good deal too much."

Because it blends hipster hustle with the often poignant thoughts of a self-educated loner, *Speed* has definite charms as personal history and social chronicle, and the writing has tremendous bursts of vibrancy. Not so, I'm afraid, with *Kentucky Ham*, which picks Billy up where

he left off in *Speed*, back from New York, when he forges a prescription and begins an early adult life that will go from sad to truly pathetic.

With *Kentucky Ham*, Billy tries to continue on the path of self-aware scrutiny that marked *Speed*, but at the same time attempts to explicate and analyze his past directly. His present is no longer teen exploits, but rehab centers for speed freaks and dry-out spells in the Alaskan wilderness. While his father is but a shadow in *Speed*—albeit a persistent one—in *Kentucky Ham* he's a fully articulated force. Chapter Three kicks off with some killer authorial self-consciousness ("By the way, who am I?"), and what follows is a chapter describing the traumatic family history as well as Billy's disastrous attempt to live with William Sr. in Tangiers at the tender age of 14—Billy's first exposure to hash pipes and his father's homosexual proclivities.

In Chapter Four we return to Billy's legal hassles and institutional experiences, but the desperate effort to "make sense" of past events remains an increasingly futile endeavor. The ironic commentaries of *Speed* continue; Billy describes a black-out as "About an hour later, I lost

consciousness, which is a terrible thing to lose if you want to keep it," and he notes of William Sr. that, "My father, incidentally takes a marked interest and often delight in the grotesque and bizarre." Also present are glimmers of acute observation. "Only in America can you see a sight like those jewelry cars of all colors flashing in the afternoon sun as far as the eye can see and where's my passport" and outright humor: a semi-mannerly battle over prime chicken parts among his Alaskan coworkers prompts Billy to make a quirky analogy: "As in the Olympic Games, a difference of a hundredth of a second could draw the line between the joy of victory and the agony of defeat." But despite these indications of a healthy writerly voice, there's a feeling that Billy is overusing his gift for grabbing life linguistically to compensate for his impossibly chaotic existence.

It is no accident that William S. Burroughs, Jr. would turn to writing to establish an identity that no one seemed to want to allow. Nothing like appropriating the Word of the Father to test the ego's strength in the big, bad world. And Billy Jr. is clearly his father's son in his attachment to the eccentricities of language. He sees a sign for "Gargoyle Arctic Oil" on the road in *Speed* and it strikes him as the loveliest sounding phrase he's ever heard. Billy also adapts the deflating mordant chuckle ("Ha ha" or "heh heh") that is père Burroughs' trademark—a gravelly sardonic laughter.

But where William Burroughs trades in outrageous fantasy, Old West boys' tales and the bad habits of powermongers, Billy operates under the spell of the Scarlet Letter. "I've lived most of my life in one fireball zone or another" or, more directly, "Fuck this story line, we could all go up tomorrow." The conditions are different. Billy's earliest memory, repeated in both novels, is of his mother "... careening down Mexican mountain roads at high speeds and the ha, ha, how-fast-can-this-old-heap-go attitude of my mother and a friend of hers." Billy says Ginsberg once offered to show him the morgue photograph of Billy's mother. John Steinbeck, Jr.'s afterword in *Speed* suggests that Billy saw it. *Speed* and *Kentucky Ham* are testaments to the resonance of that image. □

**Addictions  
to amphet-  
amines,  
alcohol  
and smoking  
killed Billy  
in 1981 at  
age 33.**



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# TV Sci-fi

*/ continued from page 88*

writer and director of "V," Kenneth Johnson. He hasn't stayed with the show now that it has turned into a series, but it couldn't have happened without him. And the series is uneven, but far from unpromising.

Of course, if "V"'s budget is turning heads, the production itself has a ways to go before science fiction fans endorse it. There is, of course, "Star Trek" to remember. While that show had a high budget for a 60s program, its weekly expenses probably amounted to what it costs to stage a shoot-out on "V." Still, it undeniably had a mod, funky design that only improves as its date of origin recedes. "Star Trek"'s lukewarm reception by the viewing public—sci-fi fanatics excepted—and even less enthusiastic commercial support did it in. Yet its three years

of shows have been memorialized like no other program in history. If "Star Trek"'s initial track record was not inspiring, its history could only have encouraged makers of "V."

If "V" flops, or if it doesn't reap the kind of blockbuster profits necessary to offset expenses, it won't mean the end of science fiction on TV. Indeed, the best science fiction show on at the moment isn't "V" anyhow: it's the rock-bottom budget, so-what-if-it's-not-good-for-you "Knight Rider." If the grand tradition of TV science fiction runs from early space epics to "Star Trek" and "Space 1999" and on up to "V"—shows with large casts and lofty goals—then "Knight Rider" squats in the center of a counter-tradition. Call it one step beyond contemporary community standards. By upholding their right to be junky and unredeeming, "Knight Rider," "The Munsters," "Holmes and Yo-Yo" and all the rest serve their art, and

their nation, well.

In one way, at least, both of these TV traditions are alike. They are basically, only a little more profound than any episode of "The Jetsons," which, come to think of it, is a TV science-fiction genre all its own. And which is, after all, only a slight rewrite of "The Flintstones," which is, after all, only a slight rewrite of "The Honeymooners," which is, after all, only a slight rewrite of the average '50s lowbrow couple. Which is to say that, with or without a budget that would break the back of a bull elephant, TV science fiction says a lot more about people than a glance would indicate. It ain't kids' stuff.

● **BULLETIN!** As we go to press, "V" is languishing near the bottom of the ratings and is in imminent danger of being cancelled. "V" fans should send their cards and letters to NBC, Burbank, CA.

# VideoVision

● By now, every VCR owner in the free world probably owns a copy of the *Purple Rain* videotape. Warner Home Video initially shipped 400,000 units of the misogynistic rock flick, second only to the record-setting *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, which shipped 420,000 in its initial run. Rumors are rife in the rock world that a videocassette of a live Prince performance is in the works, probably to be filmed during his current tour.

● Elvis would have been 50 this year (January 8, to be exact), and to commemorate the golden anniversary of The King's birth, MGM/UA has released seven, count 'em, seven Elvis movies. Some are of the eminently forgettable variety that marked a radical decline in The King's career (*Harum Scarum*, *Double Trouble*, *Speedway* and *It Happened at the World's Fair*). But the other films are something else again. *Elvis on Tour* is a solid documentary of a revitalized Elvis during his concert tours in the '70s. *Viva Las Vegas* was

a transitional film between the early, great Elvis movies and the later, lame ones. But the chemistry between Elvis and Ann-Margret is absolutely explosive. She later admitted that they had a torrid affair



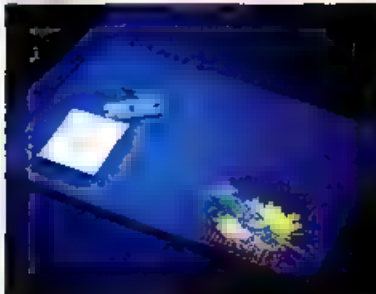
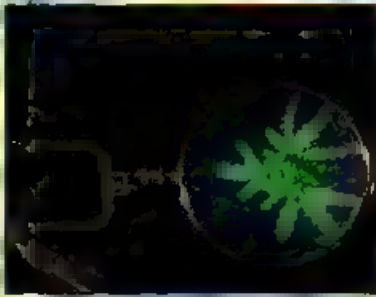
● *The King lives in new videos!*

during filming, and it shows on screen. Watch this one with someone you lust. Then there's *Jailhouse Rock*, which stands with *King Creole* as one of the two greatest Elvis films and one of the greatest rock movies ever made. Elvis plays an ex-con who makes it big as a rock star. There is more raw, animal rock 'n' roll energy in *Jailhouse Rock* than can be seen on MTV in a year. Especially cool are The King's versions of "Treat Me Nice," "You're So Square (Baby, I Don't Care)" and the title tune. Elvis choreographed the production number that accompanies the latter, and it's a stone gas. This is a must-have for all VCR owners and reason enough to buy a VCR if you don't yet have one.

● Coolest sleazy commercial on TV these days is the ad for Opium perfume. A lady burglar breaks into an elegant home, finds the stash of Opium, splashes some on and briefly revels in the ecstasy of the fragrance. Then the shadow of the homeowner alerts her and she splits. End of commercial. The message? This stuff is good enough to commit burglary for. Sheesh.

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# GIRLS JUST WANNA PLAY FOOTBALL

by Laura Cottingham

**L**ori Shields is a fourteen-year-old freshman at Campbell County High School in Alexandria, Kentucky and all she wants to do is play football.

In October, 1984, the Campbell County Board of Education kicked Shields off the all-boy, ninth grade team where she played linebacker. According to the Board, Shields' participation constituted a health risk—for her.

"The injury factor is a real problem," insisted School Superintendent Dan Sullivan, "and I didn't feel it was in the youngster's best interest to play."

Football is a tough game—it's not in anyone's "best interest" to play. Shields doesn't suffer any specific health problems that constitute an abnormal risk, and she's five feet tall and weighs in at 135 pounds—pretty tough for a fourteen-year-old. Dressed for the sport, nothing distinguishes her from the rest of her teammates or her potential opposition. But Lori Shields is a girl.

One of the first cases of sex discrimination over women footballers was in Washington State in 1975. Like the Campbell County School Board, the Washington State Athletic Association denied women the right to play high school football, claiming women's bodies were inherently less suited for the sport than men's. The Athletic Association lost the case in the State Supreme Court, where sports medical authorities testified that the most vulnerable player on a football field is short and/or long-necked—not necessarily female.

Public schools in the United States cannot discriminate on the basis of sex, according to a 1972 federal Supreme Court ruling. Known as Title IX, the ruling prohibits the administration of federal funds to schools practicing sex discrimination. While holding direct

implications for sex-segregated course offerings like home economics and shop, Title IX's most severe impact is on school sports. Because of the large revenues brought in by men's spectator sports—specifically football and basketball—high schools and colleges invest a lot of money in their respective teams. Title IX holds schools responsible for supplying women with the monies and facilities afforded men. Most schools didn't (and don't) comply unless lawsuits are threatened. Though it didn't immediately mandate a direct change in the distribution of money for sports, Title IX gave women and girls legal leverage that they didn't have before.

After banning Shields from the football field, the Campbell County Board of Education claimed their decision was *not* in violation of Title IX because the school offers girls a fall sports program that includes volleyball. Other institutions have tried to interpret the law for equal facilities as a mandate requiring "separate but equal." Told she was welcome to play on the volleyball team, Shields responded, "I don't like volleyball."

Until recently, Title IX's efficacy in upholding women's right to contact sports was seldom tried. Few women or girls requested the right to play football. Most men and boys who excel in sports begin playing at an early age. When Title IX passed, few little league baseball or pee-wee football teams were open to girls; most elementary schools didn't have girls' basketball. Women in college during the '70s didn't have the athletic background or social desire to try out for the basketball or football teams. Instead, Title IX was used to demand adequate locker space and equal time in the school gymnasium. Federal legislation or not, the real avalanche of women into previously all-male sports would only happen when women who had trained as athletes in childhood began arriving on the high school and

college scene.

Lori Shields is part of that new wave. She started playing pee-wee football in 1978 at the age of eight—she was the only girl on the team. When her father Bernie said it was okay that she try out for football, he assumed she'd return home in an hour or so. Shields came home with a full set of gear—she's been playing ever since. According to the Campbell County High School head linesman and the district referee, Shields was an excellent pee-wee player.

After Shields was knocked off her team, her parents filed a sex discrimination suit against the school board. In accordance with Title IX and precedent cases from around the country, a district judge upheld Shields' right to play and signed a preliminary injunction in time for Shields to dress for the final game of the season. She suited up, but she didn't play.

Guaranteed of losing the case in court, the Campbell County School Board agreed to drop their prohibition of Shields if the parents would dismiss the sex discrimination suit. If she wants, Lori Shields can try out for next year's Campbell County Junior Varsity team.

As the school board attorney observed of the outcome: "The court order applied specifically to Lori; however, the implications are that other girls would be allowed to play."

That Shields was kicked off the team because of her sex is ludicrous—if she's not tough enough to play, she'd soon find out. Next year, we'll see what kind of linesman she'll be when she tries out for the junior varsity team. And just maybe, we'll be seeing a Lori Shields-like case in the NFL. □

HIGH TIMES wants to know what you think about the issues that concern us all. Send your opinionated essay to "Sound Off," HIGH TIMES, 17 W. 60th St., New York, NY 10023. All submissions should be 500 words typed, with a self-addressed, stamped envelope enclosed if you want your essay returned.

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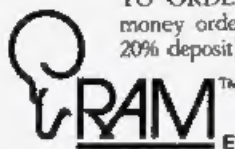
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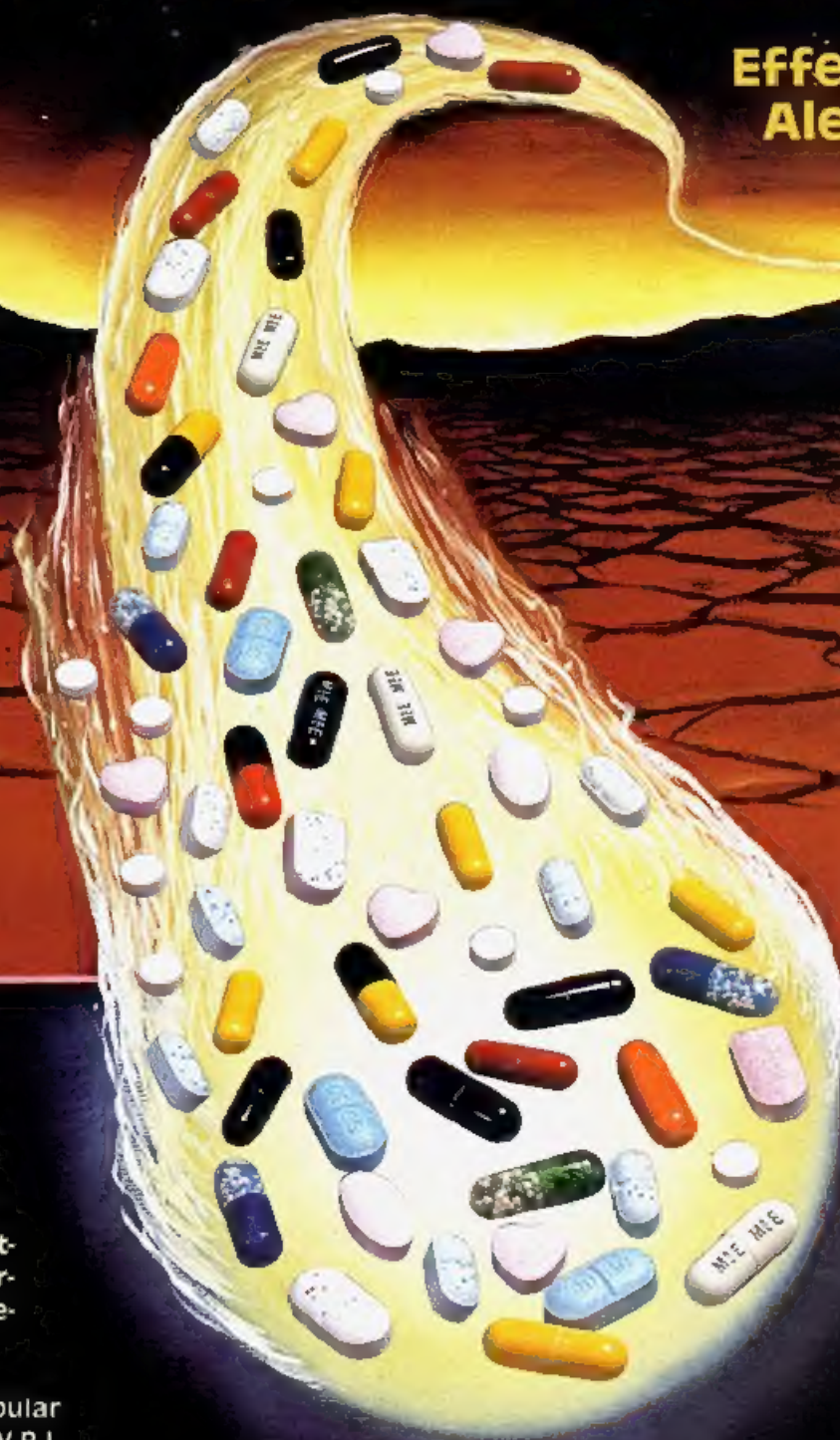
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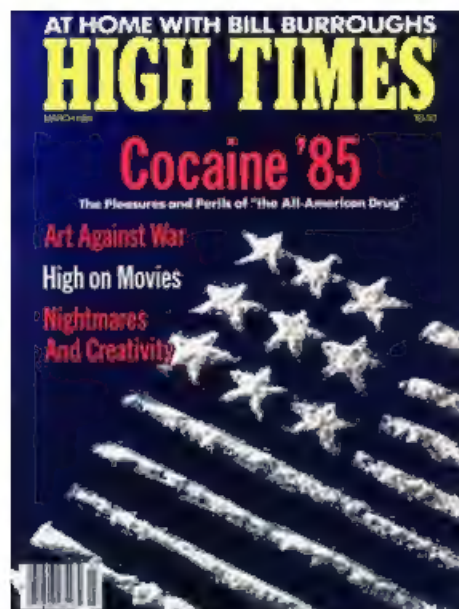
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